Saturday Review
OCTOBER 22, 1960 / 25¢

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POEM IN AN ORANGE WIG

By George Barker

Richard Dohrman, author of "For Innocents Only"
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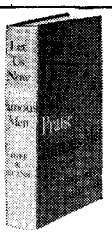

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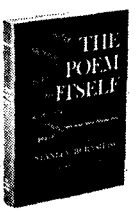

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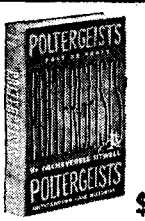

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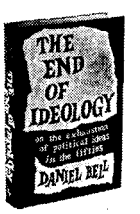

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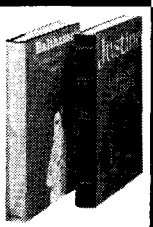

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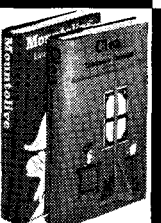

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The past seven days have been National Newspaper Week and unlike a good many self-satisfied industries, it has not been one big celebration. Circulations have increased, but not in proportion to population. The costs of running a newspaper are up and what has declined is even more serious.

Most critics of newspapers work in other mediums—magazines, television, etc. But there is at least one responsible critic from the newspapers themselves, Carl E. Lindstrom, an ex-newspaperman with forty years of varied service in journalism. His book, *The Fading American Newspaper,* is in itself a good example of all that used to be right with analytical reporting and strong editorial opinion.

I don't expect many of Mr. Lindstrom's former colleagues will be cheered by his book, especially in view of his recognized standing as a conscience of the newspaper industry. Publishers, especially, may wince, since the business leadership in today's journalism is one target of Lindstrom's criticism.

Mr. Lindstrom's theses are firmly based on facts from his own experience. Perhaps the best recommendations for the book are the new opinions and insights I now have when reading the morning paper. *The Fading American Newspaper* is news behind the news with a vengeance and with purpose.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Fading American Newspaper, ($3.95) by Carl E. Lindstrom is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford 7, Connecticut.

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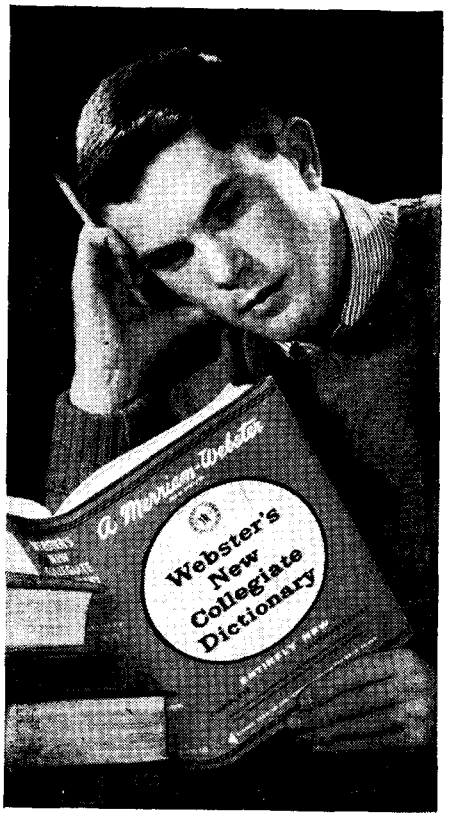

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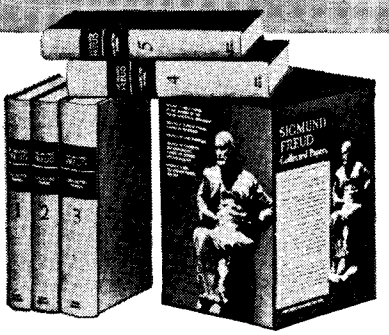

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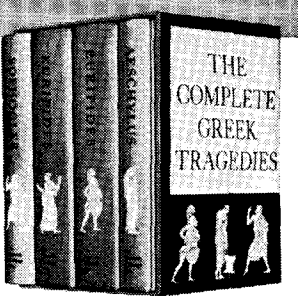

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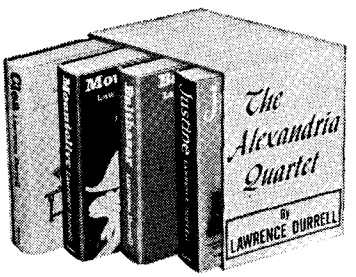

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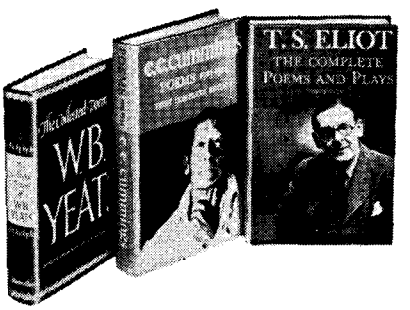

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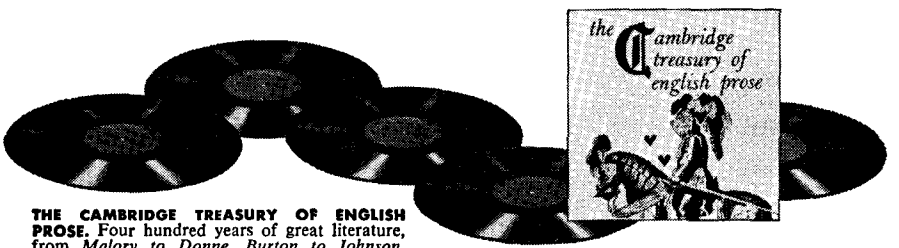

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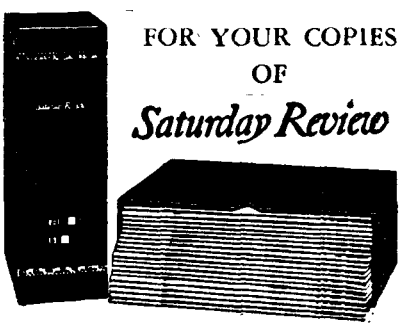

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TRADE Winds

WITH THE ONSET of scratchy tweed jackets and stepped-up oil bills, a brisk reawakening has seized the American temper this fall.

►Simon and Schuster is bringing out George Kirgo's new book with probably the longest title in publishing history: "How to Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now in Your Spare Time and Become the First Author on Your Block Unless There's an Author Already Living on Your Block in Which Case You'll Become the Second Author on Your Block and That's Okay Too and Other Stories."

►Brooks Brothers, according to a communication from Melva Weber, is illustrating in their catalogue women's topcoats that button on the same side as men's. On display in the store, however, they button the way they should. "There must be a better way to tell girls from boys," she writes.

►Thieves broke into an auto, stole a brief case full of data on African tribes, and left everything else untouched.

►While in New York for the publication of his new book "The Politics of Upheaval," Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., a leading supporter and adviser of Senator Kennedy, was interviewed by *U. S. News & World Report*. The reporter's name: Nixon.

►Peter Windsor advises us about another evidence of the stimulus of fall weather: On the wall of a 23rd Street subway station is scribbled: "Mary Worth Loves Sara Teasdale."

WE MADE A SPECIAL visit to Woolworth's 34th Street store to witness an autographing party celebrating the appearance of New American Library's paperback edition of Moss Hart's best-seller, "Act One." We arrived early to find that the stall was set with a massive stack of the new edition, surrounded by signs of the neighboring departments reading: REAL ITALIAN PIZZA, 15¢ . . . PRIMROSE LADIES' NYLONS, 98¢ . . . BATH SPONGES, 39¢ . . . ROAST TURKEY DINNER, 65¢.

A lone salesgirl was standing beside the cash register, staring into space, and we asked her whether she thought the autographing process would be a success.

"Only time will tell," she said, and went to straighten a teetering pile of the books.

A salesgirl at the next counter asked us if we didn't think the 39-cent sponges were attractive, and we had to agree. "I don't go for autographs much myself," she said. "But maybe I'll get one of these. It's all so close by."

Within moments, the first prospective buyer approached and waited for Moss Hart, who was to arrive with his attractive wife, Kitty Carlisle.

"I work in infants' wear upstairs," he said. "I'm getting four copies for the boss—and he'll give free copies to the first three buyers who come in."

When the Harts arrived at the stall, a sizable cluster had already gathered. Miss Carlisle perched herself on a high stool beside her husband, who, pipe in mouth, sat on a lower chair surrounded by the books.

One lady, passing down the crowded aisle, murmured to a companion: "That's the author of the book—right there." "Oh, I *love* her," said her friend.

Business was brisk. The cash register began clanging, and both Mr. Hart and Miss Carlisle cheerfully inscribed the books as directed: one book to Helen, another to Marvin, and another to, of all things, Mona Lisa.

In the middle of the frenzy, a man came up to Miss Carlisle and said: "Where's the souvenir counter, ma'am?"

She shrugged and said: "I don't know. I guess we're the souvenirs today."

At least three different ladies, pushing through the crowd, said as they passed: "That's Arlene Francis, isn't it?"

Another lady, standing at a respectable distance and munching a pizza pie, muttered: "I'm just standing here wondering how he *submits* to all this."

A high school girl nudged her friend and said: "Yeah, but to get an autograph, you gotta buy a book."

Another girl came up to Mr. Hart, offered him the book to sign, and said: "I'm glad I postponed buying the regular book. It's much cheaper this way."

"I know," said Mr. Hart cheerfully as he signed the book. "But I'm losing money on it."

A Victorian-looking lady, pushing her way through to Mr. Hart, said:

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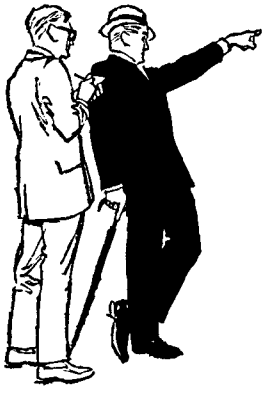

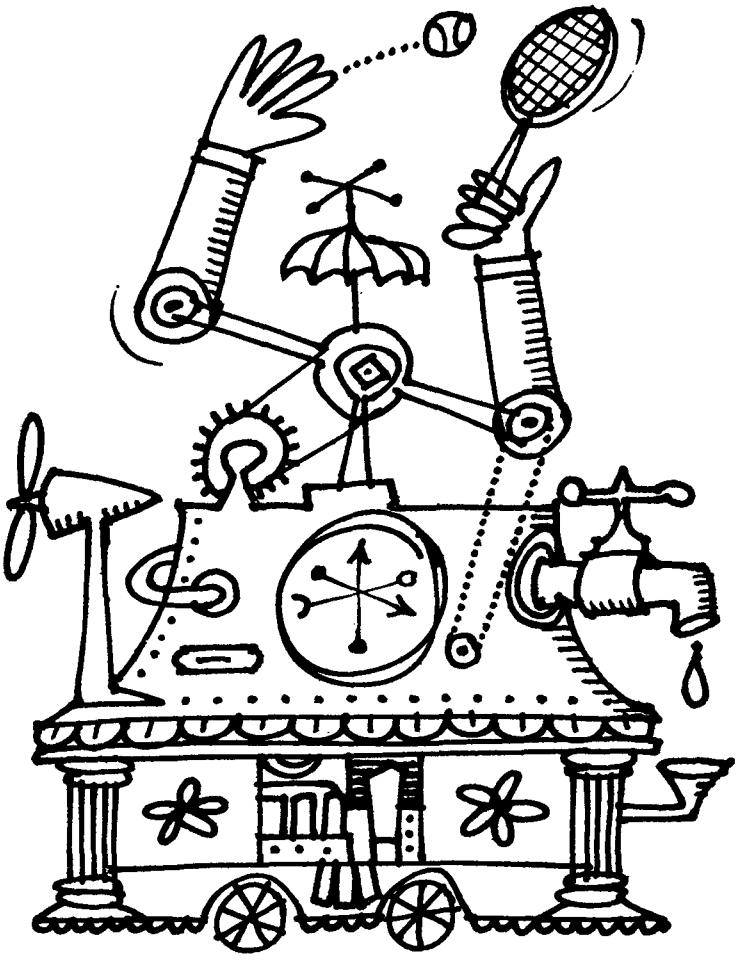

That isn't the wisest way to buy—not knowing what you must pay.

But these days most all Americans are paying for *one* thing without having any idea of its great cost—putting the U. S. government in the electric light and power business in certain parts of the country.

So far, more than $5,000,000,000 has been spent on these so-called "public power" projects. Billions more are proposed for the future.

The cost has been coming out of federal taxes. So would much of the cost of expansion. But such costs are not itemized in anyone's federal tax bill. No one knows how much of his money federal government power takes, or might take.

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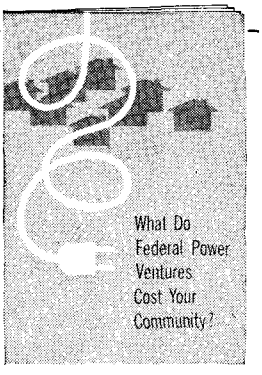

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The South Pacific:

Garden of Paradise . . . or Palm-Lined Tobacco Road?

The South Pacific has long been a fountain of fantastic legends, first whispered around the world by starry-eyed sailors. Here, in a watery world speckled with thousands of tiny islands, a way of life exists far removed from that of the West. In the second of two issues devoted exclusively to the South Seas, Holiday further explores these fabled islands from New Guinea to New Zealand . . . Bora Bora to Pago Pago.

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why the South Pacific is so important and what influence it may wield upon the future of the world.

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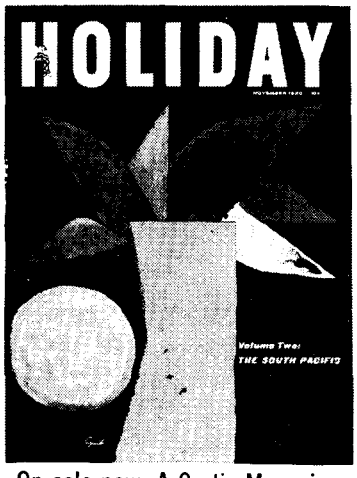

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"I've been *waiting* for this paperback edition."

"Hope you like it," said Mr. Hart.

"I'd better," she said, and stalked away.

As the autographing went on, the side comments continued, most of them *sotto voce*:

"When they're on TV, they really glamorize them," said one passer-by.

"I like her laugh," said another.

"She's much *lovelier* in person," said another.

At the end of an hour, as the Harts were preparing to leave, two women skirted the edge of the crowd, and one said:

"Who's that?"

"That's Moss Hart," her friend said. "He directed 'My Fair Lady.'"

"Oh," said the first lady. "I never go to the movies."

MANY AUTHORS who are active on the current scene have a few pet peeves and other problems to air.

Herbert Gold, whose new novel, "Therefore Be Bold," is receiving much attention, told us at lunch: "I've had a little trouble trying to get out of being tagged with this so-called Beat movement. Actually, all they are are nihilism's organization men. They're really a parody of the Hip movement, and they use Zen Buddhism as a badge—like a school sweater. I believe there is still room for heroes in literature—and the man who says 'no' to evil is one of them. The problem today is that the hero learns to adjust, to conform. Everything is too comfortable, too conventional. But the Beats aren't the answer."

ALSO AT LUNCH, William L. Shirer, whose authoritative and monumental book "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" is just appearing, told us about the plight of the serious nonfiction writer who has no other means of support. "I spent six full years writing this book, doing a job I thought would take about two and a half. More and more material kept coming to light as the years went on. After two years, a collection of rare German documents which had been arbitrarily sealed in Alexandria, Virginia, turned up and made it possible for me to include vital information. Then the U. S. Army—which did a good job of collecting papers, but a slow job of releasing them—made more available. All this is good

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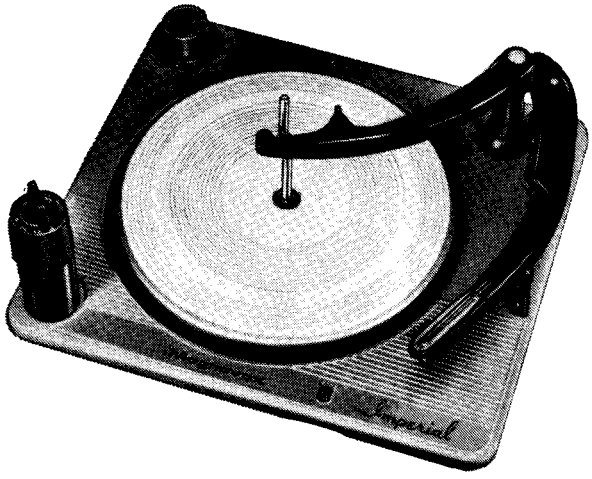

Why this new Magnavox Imperial Automatic Record Player is so important to music lovers. The fidelity of reproduced music, stereo or otherwise, starts with the precision of the record player. Imperfections in the mechanism that cause "flutter," "wow" and speed-variation are devastating to any music. For example, they reduce the magnificence of a Stradivarius to the sound of an amateur fiddle. They can make a grand piano sound like an old-time barroom player. The most exacting sound equipment will only magnify this distortion.

True Pitch. Turntable speed is certified to be within plus or minus 1% of absolute, regardless of number of records stacked or power line variations.

Feather Touch Pick-up. A new Diamond stylus pick-up and a dynamically balanced friction-free tone arm bears only 1/10-ounce stylus pressure, thus reducing record and stylus wear to insignificance. It will play a record 1000 times in normal use, and virtually eliminates surface noise. A delicate sable brush cleans the record as it is played.

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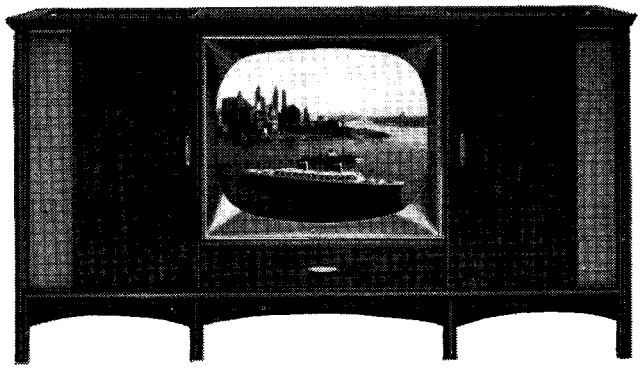

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OF LONDON

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Coming in 1961 are a new translation of the sonnets of the great master Michelangelo, a contemporary account of the Spanish settlement of New Granada, an edition of Sherman's memoir of the Atlanta campaign, and Balzac's riotous *Droll Stories*. And these are only a few! Other books you can choose include Buffum's eye-witness story of the California Gold Rush, a contemporary account of the French Revolution, and a Burmese Life of the Buddha.

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for the book—but tough on the free-lance writer"

AT McGRAW-HILL'S green skyscraper on 42nd Street, Robert St. John talked about a similar problem with his new book, "The Boss—The Story of Gamal Abdel Nasser":

"I took over a million words of notes in getting together the research for the book—and the writing of it actually was only a minor part. The main problem I had was staying objective, after writing three books on Israel. But it's interesting to compare Ben-Gurion and Nasser. Nasser knows two languages, English and Arabic. Ben-Gurion knows nine or ten. Both read in bed at night. Ben-Gurion reads classic philosophy. Nasser reads *Time, Newsweek, Paris Match, The New York Times*—but can't stand *The Times of London* because of its thin-paper export edition. Ben-Gurion, it seems to me, grows younger while Nasser grows older."

AS FAR AS PET PEEVES are concerned, John Hersey has very few at the moment. His book "The Child Buyer" has been greeted with almost unanimous raves. But when we bumped into him at the Westport Bowling Lanes, where he is one of the top men on an industrial bowling team, he was growling about a momentary slump in his scores.

We took a look at his score sheet to see what his complaint was. His scores: 181, 159, 172, and 185.

FROM MICHAEL GROSS, the book poster man, comes another story about encyclopedias.

"At the American Booksellers Association Convention in Chicago," he tells us, "an argument came up among a group of publishers as to the city in which President Garfield was shot. A bellhop was called quickly to keep the argument from getting out of hand.

"Do you have an encyclopedia downstairs?' asked one of the disputants.

"Said the bellhop: 'I doubt it very much. What is it you wish to know?'"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1386)

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THE END OF IDEOLOGY

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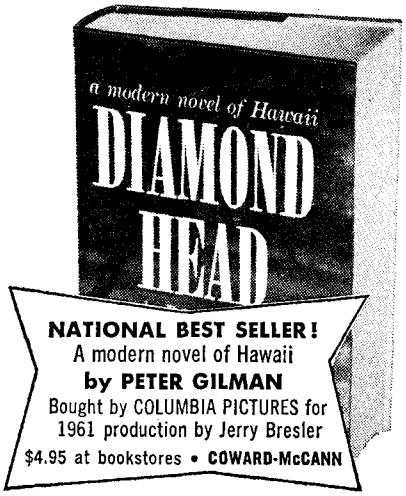

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by PETER GILMAN
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PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

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Ford Motor Company builds better bodies

Which ride is quieter?

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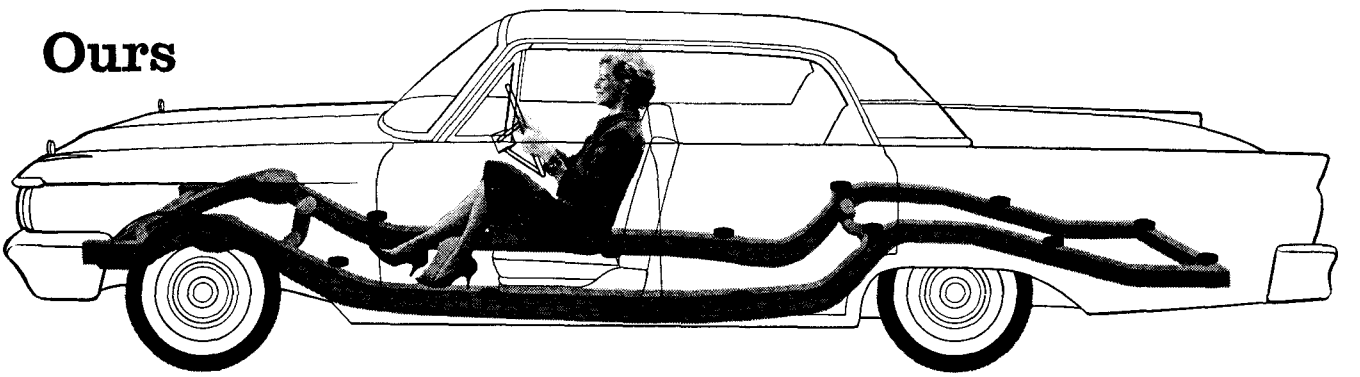
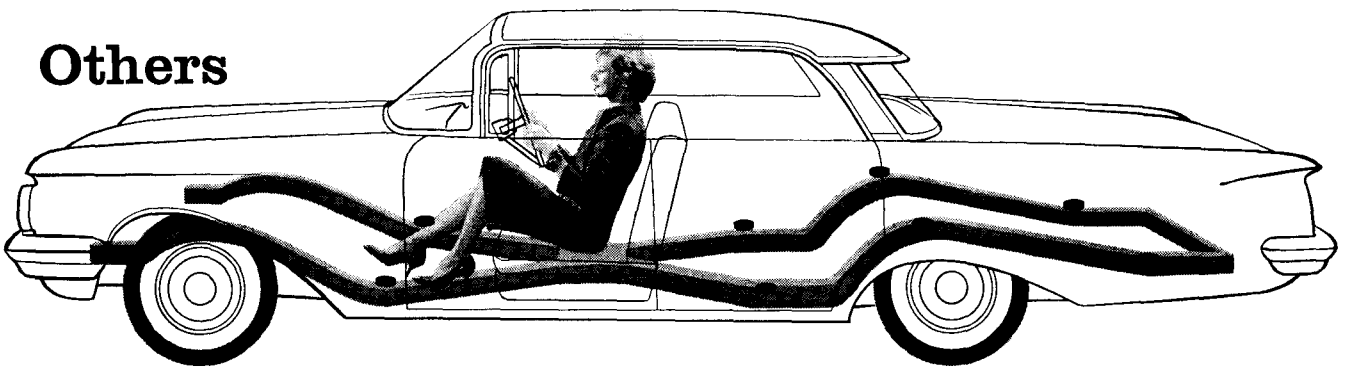


Others



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Saturday Review

OCTOBER 22, 1960

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF PROVINCIALS

A Report on America's Educational Innocents Abroad

By Frederick L. Redefer, *who recently returned from a worldwide tour on a Rockefeller Foundation grant to study the problems of educating Americans abroad.*

AN AMERICAN resident in Bandung, Indonesia, recently refused to send her son to a British-run school. Her reason was that the boy would be taught to throw a ball overhand, cricket-style, and would thus be unfitted for baseball when the family eventually returned to the United States.

This incident, one of many that came to light during a recent eight-month trip that took me to twenty-seven countries, suggests a sorry fact about Americans abroad. It also suggests something about the motives that guide the operation of the schools they establish in other countries.

These schools are wrapped in cellophane. Attended by the children of the 1,500,000 government workers, armed forces personnel, and Americans doing business abroad, they are in an excellent position to give their charges not only a basic American type of education, but also considerable insight into cultures other than their own. Instead, few of them pay the slightest attention to the history, literature, and language of their host nations. Whether they call themselves American, national, or international schools, most of these overseas academies are characterized by a narrow, often jingoistic insularity. In those parts of the world most sensitive to charges of colonialism, or of racial and national exclusiveness, our schools are for the most part foreign schools in the worst sense of the word.

Educational encapsulation is often carried to ludicrous extremes by Americans abroad. In Karachi, Pakistan, the American school's world history course follows the outline and textbook required by the University of Nebraska correspondence course. In this course Pakistan is virtually ignored. The textbook's account of Mohammed and the Mohammedan religion is in such poor taste that the school has painted out the offending pages. Without question, the students know what has been censored and the Pakistanians wonder whether this account is taught in schools in the United States (it is).

The bizarre situation in the Karachi school is by no means untypical. In general, American schools abroad strive single-mindedly to make themselves into brick-by-brick, course-by-course replicas of Stateside suburban schools. Many of them follow closely the curriculum prescribed by New York State, or the correspondence courses of the universities of California and Nebraska, or the well-known Calvert system. Invariably, they limit themselves to a conventional curriculum, focusing on reading, writing, and arithmetic in the early years and on language and science in the later years. The arts receive little attention, the humanities become lost in literature, and literature is submerged in the pursuit of language skills. (The languages so assiduously studied are not, incidentally, those of the host countries.) One American headmaster in the Philippines expressed the prevalent outlook when he said recently, "I know only how to run a good college preparatory program. This is what I believe my Board employed me to do."

How has this attitude come about? How does it happen that our schools abroad are indifferent to the prospect of enriching their curricula with cross-cultural, outside-the-compound experiences? The answer in part is that educational xenophobia is by no means an American monopoly. Colonies made up of temporary expatriates have long had a way of shrinking in on themselves, of creating educational enclaves that are too often only dimly realized portraits from memory.

The determination that one's children shall not be cut off from the parent culture is, of course, a natural and even admirable resolve. But because Americans have arrived late on the international scene, and because we are the most powerful nation of the free world, our gaucheries tend to stand out in

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especially bold relief. Actually, the tradition of educational insulation from "native" influences dates from the days before World War II, when the number of overseas schools — schools run mainly by embassies and missionary groups—was quite small.

The present "national" schools came into being in the postwar era, as enlarged embassy staffs, international and national technical-assistance missions, branch business operations, and the increased exchange of scholars, artists, and students created international population centers. Today 3,000 Americans and as many Britons live in Bangkok. The foreign population of Geneva has grown so swiftly that the city's famous international school is five times as large as it was before the war; during the past year the school's enrollment has grown by 20 per cent.

The boom in international living has so far failed to modify the various nations' penchant for exporting their domestic educational philosophies and applying them abroad in mechanical fashion. Even the Russians, who make much of their interest in other cultures, are xenophobic about the way their children are educated while living abroad. Behind the high walls of the embassy enclave in New Delhi is a self-contained Russian community. Within the community the citizens of the USSR live in modern apartment houses. In the center of the enclave is a swimming pool for the Russian community, and to one side there is a wading pool for the children. There is a community theatre, a restaurant, and a library—all Russian. There is a Soviet school for children from seven to twelve years old. It is amply staffed by teachers who are assigned by Moscow and paid by Moscow standards. Schooling is free in New Delhi because education is free in Moscow.

THE USSR school in New Delhi is also attended by children of the other Iron Curtain countries, and their studies are identical with the Moscow course of study. Occasionally, they do visit a museum, but there is no real effort made to teach them about India or Asia. Like the Russian youngsters, the "satellite" children learn the benefits of the tractor, the glories of hard work, and the advantages of cooperation. In December the children sing about the "New Year's tree," because in the USSR it is not called a Christmas tree.

Still another example of the encapsulating mentality at work is provided by the English-administered Methodist Secondary School in Rangoon, Burma. Most of its students are young upper-class Buddhists who enter and leave the school without change of faith. The institution is presided over by a headmistress who came to Burma more than two decades ago, and who still speaks little if any Burmese. In school assemblies she reads a Christian prayer with a Scottish accent, and leads the students in singing Protestant hymns. These devotionals give language experience to the pupils more than they impart Protestant convictions. Yet this school, rigid in outlook and confused in purpose, is not an exception in Southeast Asia: Catholic, Methodist, Baptist, and Quaker schools have fallen into similar patterns.

"I got to have more dough, Coach. My room, board, and tuition money only takes care of my room, board, and tuition."

Even within the so-called international schools there is a strong tendency toward a rigid exclusiveness following national lines. After a promising start, the British have withdrawn from American schools in Athens and Vienna and set up shop on their own; the Americans in turn have withdrawn from British schools in many other countries. When a disgruntled national group does not actually withdraw from such schools, it often seeks special concessions. In the International School in the Hague, American and British children learn the English language in separate classes, while in arithmetic classes one group knows nothing about shillings and the other group is ignorant of dollars.

A seemingly impressive effort toward a truly international curriculum was made recently when the Benelux nations set up L'Ecole Européene in Luxembourg, which grants a diploma recognized by the cooperating nations. Yet the Benelux system is less a truly international school than a European multilanguage institution. Only half the world of man is included in its humanities program, and more than 50 per cent of the student's time is given over to studying the mechanics of language. The Benelux system gives a European education unsuitable to Asians, Americans, Russians, Latin Americans, and citizens of Near Eastern countries.

AS a final example, one may point to the oldest and most famous of the international schools, the Ecole Internationale of Geneva, which separates its faculty, administration, and students into English and French-speaking divisions. Neither the students, teachers, nor parents concerned with each division know what is happening in the other division.

Clearly, America is not alone in its failure to provide a broad, multicultural experience for the children of its nationals living abroad. But is it enough for us to say "everybody's doing it"? Twenty years ago such a response might have sufficed. Today it is woefully impractical. More and more, the nations of Asia and the Middle East are expressing their resentment of an educational system that ignores them. More often than not the young people of these host nations—and Indonesia, Thailand, and Burma are spectacular examples—are not allowed to attend the foreign schools without special permission from the government—and such permission is seldom granted.

In the Philippines, Indonesia, Burma, and Greece, teachers brought overseas to teach in national schools must ob-

(*Continued on page* 39)

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POEM IN AN ORANGE WIG

By GEORGE BARKER

"PERSONALLY I feel as though I was drowning in a sea of boiling water." This is the sentence uttered by Schoenberg when he was invited to describe his life as a composer. He went on: "One is swimming, one is struggling toward something, but one does not know what. One is tired, and wants to stop. But how can you stop in the middle of a sea?" Schoenburg, now, has reached his destination: he is dead. But he was wrong. That superb rhetoric, "How can you stop in the middle of a sea?" is a question that several contemporary poets could answer without hesitation. I know one who has stopped off at a charming Victorian residence in the north of England and another who dragged himself out onto the clashing rocks of the British Council.

My point is this: It is not such men who are to blame. They would indeed be deficient in the elementary impulse of self-preservation if they had not accepted the salvation offered to them by Providence. No, it is destiny who elects those she intends to favor with her sanctuaries or her boiling seas. I do not for one moment believe that if Schoenberg had come upon a straw in his boiling sea he would have deliberately declined to grasp at it. For, if he had been capable of refusing any such assistance or amelioration, then demonstrably his boiling sea was not very hot water. The truth is that destiny, and by that I mean the character of the man, comes up and presents to the individual the things he wants in the disguise of the things he deserves. It is the psychosomatics of biography. If Schoenberg had really wanted a luxury liner to appear on the horizon of his spiritual loneliness, it would have done so. It did, in fact, when he was invited to write the musical score for a film called "The Good Earth." But, of course, he did not believe in the liner; he thought that it must be a mirage. He asked for an enormous sum of money, such as only a luxury liner could afford to pay. "If I'm going to commit suicide," he said, "I might as well live in luxury afterwards." The liner disappeared. For this particular man it was a hallucination.

The subject I essay to discuss is a matter of some importance to the poet in our present society. It is not a question of the honesty of the artist, or the integrity of the artist, or the dedication of the artist. All these follow upon the initiatory mystery. This is the character being made by the man into an instrument that attracts to itself only those things that, in spite of all the laws of self-destruction, ultimately must preserve it. I should not call this integrity, because it is in no sense volitional. I would not call it honesty because it is in no sense moral. I would call it Providential, because it takes its origin outside the man himself. This is why we say that poets are born and not made.

The reason the poet has become the enemy of society (seen in terms of the over-all scheme of things) is because only the enemy within the gates can report anything like the truth. It is to his advantage to do so, or he will very soon become converted to his own misrepresentations; and this is a definition of society. For the poet, society is an institution dedicated wholeheartedly to the pursuit of its own lies. It is the moral duty of the poet to speak about these lies; it is what makes him a poet, and it is also what makes him an enemy of society. And by the lies of society I do not mean such expediential variations on the truth as the figures of casualties in the Battle of Britain or who first really discovered America. I mean the lies that society promulgates about its own motives and intentions, its real as distinct from its apparent purposes, its elevation of hypocrisy into a heretical religion of classical cynicism. In a society such as ours is now, only the police and the politician can find a congenial place—the police because they do not have to justify themselves at all, the politician because it is universally assumed that he lies. In this paradoxical sense only the policeman and the politician are honest. Everyone else subscribes to the preservation of an order in which he is desperately uncomfortable and necessarily dishonest. And I am not speaking ideologically or politically; I am speaking in terms of human satisfaction. Against the underground and concealed, as well as the open and demonstrable, dissimulations of such a society only the poet can really speak without reservations. Because he has at last become an almost total outcast from these institutions. The truth of this remark was not conclusively attested by the article I came across some time ago entitled "Are Poets Necessary?" But the article was an indication. By a society in such a state of demoralized confusion the poet must be rendered unnecessary because he might otherwise prove to be fatal.

The fact that all this might seem to be exaggerated poppycock could give us an idea of how our postulates may already have been undermined and vitiated. For all I seek to assert is the spiritual irresponsibility of a world that pays millions of dollars for a bomb and forty shillings for a poem. Nor is this assertion as fatuous or as naïve as it sounds, for we have become quite in-

(*Continued on page 37*)

George Barker, certainly the only post-Auden English poet who can stand beside Dylan Thomas without being entirely dwarfed, is among other things the best master of discursive poetry in English since Byron. Resolutely cynical toward the pretensions of a society whose goals strike him as meaningless, he has lived always at the center of his refusal to be "respectable." That his refusal is not in any real sense the action of an irresponsible is attested by this disturbing and discerning piece. No matter that many of the "respectable" and "rational" will be confused to anger by it: poetry is not a rationality but a way of life, and Barker here sets forth the unchangeable necessities of that way.

—J. C.

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The Personality Paradox

By Granville Hicks

SOME one of these weeks, when I have caught up with the earlier volumes, I want to talk about Anthony Powell's series of novels, "The Music of Time," but at the moment, having read only the recently published **"Casanova's Chinese Restaurant"** (Little, Brown, $4), I shall have to confine myself to a few observations and surmises. In this book the narrator, Nick Jenkins, a writer of novels and radio scripts, divides his life between a Bohemian set to which he has just been introduced and the upper-class families into which he marries. One of Powell's purposes in the series, I gather, is to show that a single lifetime may be spent in many worlds.

Inevitably Powell's work brings to mind another series, C. P. Snow's "Strangers and Brothers." Of course, there are important differences. Powell writes with a light touch, whereas Snow is always serious and sometimes pedestrian. Snow is strongly preoccupied with certain social problems, particularly the problem of power; Powell seems interested only in portraying the variety of the contemporary scene. Snow's Lewis Eliot is born into the lower middle class, and, in the course of his rise, has a chance to observe men of influence in business, education, science, law, and government; Nick Jenkins seems to belong on the fringes at least of the aristocracy and to sally forth into other social areas.

On the other hand, the two series are alike in that each seeks to show large segments of contemporary British life as seen by one man. Lewis Eliot, like Snow himself, is a thoughful student of behavior, and he conscientiously tries to tell us what we need to know about the people he introduces. Nick Jenkins is more casual and more explicitly subjective. Both Snow and Powell, however, have adopted a method that rules out any pretense of omniscience. Characters are not fixed; what seems to be true of a man in one situation proves false in another. Every character is in some degree a mystery.

In this respect at least both Snow and Powell are like Proust. Part of the fascination of "Remembrance of Things Past" lies in the fact that we always seem to be on the verge of an understanding of the characters but never achieve it. Our judgments are modified again and again as the massive work proceeds, and sometimes reversed. We are never able to say, "This is what Swann or Saint Loup or Albertine or Charlus is *really* like."

Lawrence Durrell in "The Alexandria Quartet" has gone so far as to suggest an analogy between his method and Einstein's theory of relativity. Whether the analogy is sound or not, it is true that the characters are always seen in relation to particular situations and are always elusive. What we think we know about Justine in the first volume turns out to be untrue in the second, and there are further revelations and further reversals in the third and the fourth. Truth is not merely something that escapes us; it does not exist; the only knowledge we can have is partial and relative.

RELATIVISM in fiction is found on our side of the Atlantic as well as the other. In an essay in a recent issue of the *Times Literary Supplement* on "The Workaday World That the Novelist Never Enters," the author praises Saul Bellow's "The Adventures of Augie March" because it does show its hero at work. "Newspaper boy, Christmas extra in a toy department, flower shop assistant, agent and companion to a paralyzed estate agent and pool-room owner, salesman for woman's shoes, model for riding habits in a saddle shop, trade union organizer, trainer of eagles: we are not yet halfway through." The essayist notes the authority with which Bellow writes of each of these jobs, and this is one of the great qualities of "Augie March." Yet certainly it was not Bellow's primary purpose to present a picture of the workaday world; what concerned him was the elusiveness of personality. The question Augie asks himself at every stage of his life, and is still asking at the end of the book, is, "What am I?"

Wright Morris's "The Field of Vision" is as explicitly relativistic as "The Alexandria Quartet." Gordon Boyd, one of the characters, reflects: "This crisp sabbath afternoon forty thousand pairs of eyes would gaze down on forty thousand separate bullfights, seeing it all very clearly, missing only the one that was said to take place." Each of the seven persons in the novel not only sees his own bullfight; he has his own vision of his companions. And since Morris writes from the points of view of the various characters, what we are given in this book is a series of blurred images.

On the flyleaf of the novel Morris quotes from a letter of D. H. Lawrence's: "You musn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego* of the characters. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element." Lawrence seems to be saying that, although there is a fixed truth to which the novelist can penetrate, he can reach it only by way of confused and contradictory manifestations.

IN an interview in the *Paris Review* Aldous Huxley says of Lawrence: "But sometimes one doesn't know what he's getting at. In 'The Plumed Serpent,' for instance, he'll glorify the Mexican Indians with their dark life of the blood on one page, and then on the next he'll damn the lazy natives like a British colonel in the days of Kipling. That book is a mass of contradictions." What one is forced to reply is that Lawrence felt both things to be true about the Indians, and refused to suppress one set of perceptions in the interests of the other.

Many novelists today do not see character quite as their predecessors did. Physics, sociology, and especially psychology have made it difficult to define sharply the boundaries of the individual. Moreover, the rapidity of technological change, the increase in social mobility, and the constant exposure to other cultures have eroded those boundaries. Although the great writers have always recognized and meditated upon the mystery of personality, in earlier times—when customs were long-lived and the individual's way of life changed slowly—it was easier to feel that personality was stable. Today there is a general feeling that character is always in a state of flux, and it is this that the novelists reflect.

I agree with some of the things Norman Cousins said in his editorial on what is wrong with the novel (*SR*, Oct. 1) but not with all. For reasons I have tried to indicate, the problem of character is not so simple as he makes it sound. The writers I have been talking about are not inept; they know what they are doing, and they know why. They may not give us the kind of characters Mr. Cousins likes, but they do give us a sense of reality.

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Inner Truth and Outer Man

"For Innocents Only," by Richard Dohrman *(Houghton Mifflin. 471 pp. $4.75), sympathetically searches the motivations of fallible human beings. James Kelly is the author of a novel, "The Insider."*

By James Kelly

LET IT be understood early that "For Innocents Only" is neither for nor about innocents only. This is a *noveau* drawing-room novel about an ingratiating group of romantic psychopaths who are, in the words of one of them, "fundamentally unsound; externally safe—in other words, no more to be suspect than most people." Stylishly written, in the graceful English tradition of unhurried description and urbane speech, the story wends its way through a box-hedge maze of human relationships and eventually, aided by quirks of fate and the author's adroit puppetry, emerges into a clear place. Justifying the esteem and promise of "The Cross of Baron Samedi," Richard Dohrman's second novel combines an old-fashioned love of language with the quick understanding and sharp eye of a born writer. That the result seems unpruned and overlong and that principal characters appear to share the same articulate intelligence does not, surprisingly, diminish reading enjoyment. The author has taken pains to give us the slash and whip of good acerb speech; he regards his subjects with probing sympathy and permits them to grow; he is unafraid to exploit his sensuous regard for natural beauty and lyric love.

Are the motivations always right for this group of disturbed people? Do their voices always ring true in the a cappella chorus? Can one be persuaded that there would be an inevitability about the unfolding of plot if it were not for the intervention of Fate, accident, and the author's fine English hand? It is a measure of the storytelling that one becomes so caught up in a suspenseful skein of life that he forgets to complain.

Peter Guild, the chief "innocent," is a quixotic, rich young man who is trying to prove his mettle by operating a lumber camp in the Honduras bush. He is introduced first as he is about to

Richard Dohrman—"the quick understanding and sharp eye of a born writer"

bring his precocious thirteen-year-old daughter, Taylor, back to the States to school. It is a double-barreled trip since he has also decided to visit the Connecticut mental institution where his wife, Jane, has been incarcerated for several years. Object, to tell her that he intends to marry Barbara Chives, the camp bookkeeper, who has been mistress to him and mother for Taylor. A troubled man our Marquandish hero—with absolutely no talent for dissembling or brinkmanship; Peter feels secure only when he is doing the honorable thing. "He was not accustomed to being abused by time, but he had begun to see through time's scheme to abuse him through others. . . . Change was indeed the order of the day, every day, and the fast hand of his watch did not tell a false time."

In the jungle Peter has developed well-bred control to the point where he has become insensitive to the light and dark places of those around him. Confusing his own values with those of others, he has allowed an accused sexual pervert named Felix Quintana to take over the job of teaching and guiding his daughter. He accepts as natural and understandable a contemptuous hostility from Roger Morgan, his rough-hewn camp superintendent, whose one and only true love also happens to be Barbara Chives. This is his world, the way things are, and it revolves very slowly about Taylor, Barbara, and his turbulent memories of Jane. Having locked himself in, he pretends that he is safe—until the emergent return to that other world of Long Island and Connecticut, where he finds "superficial people in a superficial town. They wouldn't understand. They lived in that suburban fog in which people detected only shapes."

He himself detects stale nobility and decay in his best friend, Giles Hennessey, a celibate rake who at an earlier time gave his leg to save Taylor's life in a boating accident and now furiously dabbles at low-rung politics. And he has renewed contact with his spinster sister, Katherine, who has become a famous, unhappy novelist. Observing rather than participating, consciously postponing the moment when he must face Jane, Peter drifts into entanglements with an odd assortment of nether people such as George Blankenship, who registers in the mind as the perfect image of a charmless petty politician who acquires a fortune by graft, a young second wife by force, and an itch to be accepted into politer society.

The tensions mount as we watch Jane Guild—a memorable, wholly attractive woman now restored to freedom—subtly plan to win back husband, daughter, and normal life.

> She had not been able to forgive in people who were sick what she would not forgive in people who were well; she could sympathize with illness but not with its bad habits, and usually these habits were the mean and ordinary ones just dribbling out a little more readily through a cracked body. And, of course, there was the dullness, the sense of being surrounded not by the extraordinary but by the much-too-ordinary, the days you were in no hurry to begin.

She must find a path around Peter's guilt-motivated behavior, which directs his relations with Barbara and her. In counterpoint to such central tensions there is the growing emptiness of Katherine and Giles; the savage bitterness of Roger Morgan, forced to deny himself the only thing he wants from life; and, finally, the sick menace of Felix Quintana, which leads to climactic tragedy and explosive resolution of many buried conflicts.

A reader geared to a faster fictional pace will become restive at recurrent interior soliloquies and extended conversations about minute matters. He may miss a central focus upon theme and action. Mr. Dohrman is a word-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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A Thirty-Sixth Part of Suffering

"The Last of the Just," by André Schwarz-Bart; *translated from the French by Stephen Becker (Atheneum. 374 pp. $4.95), threads an ancient Hebrew myth into this story of Nazi persecution. Meyer Levin, author of "Compulsion" and "Eva," is in Israel at work on a new novel.*

By Meyer Levin

JUST as there are deep fissures in the earth attesting to some remote catclysm in our physical world, so there exists a deep gash, a psychological rift in the consciousness of modern man. We know what catastrophe caused it. We know and we do not want to know, but we must know, for humanity to survive. Only by works of art can the wound be closed.

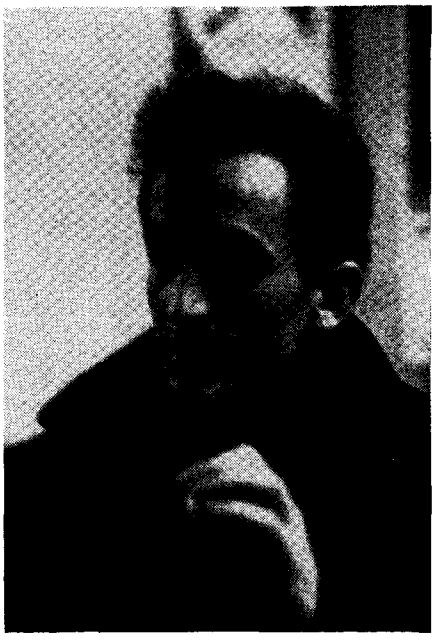
After the war, army officers dealing with displaced persons were wont to say, "Don't throw the six million at me," meaning the mass-murdered Jews. It has taken a generation for mankind to absorb this guilt feeling to the point where we can begin to work through the monstrous human capabilities it disclosed. Confronted today with the possibilities of nuclear war, against which our sole defense seems to be the thought that human beings could never really go that far, we must indeed understand what happened to the six million.

They are best remembered as one. Only when the six million become a single individual does the mass fate take meaning. So it was in "The Wall," "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The House of Dolls"; so it is in "The Last of the Just." Only, Schwarz-Bart's book is a monumental masterpiece towering above all literary memorials to the catastrophe. Written with passionate irony, this Prix Goncourt winner has the heartrending poetic illumination of "The House of Dolls," it has the homely universality of "The Diary of Anne Frank," it has the epic quality of "The Wall," but beyond all these it has a unity with the timeless legendry of the Jewish faith. In the continuum of Jewish culture, this story partakes of the inner, essential truth that takes form in myth.

"The Last of the Just" is a projection of the Jewish myth of thirty-six saintly men, who by the Hebrew words for their number are called Lamed Vavnicks. When one dies, another is born, but only rarely is the identity of a Lamed Vavnick discovered, and usually he remains unknown even to himself. In a translation that has the eloquence of an original work, the key term has been the most difficult to convey; the Just Man is not exactly the *Juste* of the French title. "You see," explains the Polish peddler, Mordecai Levy, to his wife, "when a Lamed Vavnick weeps, or whatever he does, even when he's in bed as I am, with the wife he loves, he takes upon himself a thirty-sixth part of the suffering of the earth. But he doesn't know it, and his wife doesn't know it, and half his heart cries out while the other half sings."

Mordecai comes from a family of Lamed Vavnicks, for in Schwarz-Bart's variation of the legend it is known that there will always be one of the Thirty-Six amongst the descendants of Rabbi Yom Tov Levy, martyred in particular pain in York, in 1185. The first part of the book, then, is a fascinating chronology, a condensation of centuries of Jewish history, Jewish wanderings, through the gallery of the Levys.

Then comes Ernie Levy, the birdlike child born in the German town of Stillenstadt, and in him his grandfather Mordecai recognizes the continuation.



Andre Schwarz-Bart—"heart-rending, poetic illumination."

Ernie's childhood is the heart of the novel. One of the many haunting scenes is the crucifixion game, in which Ernie's adored little girlfriend, Ilse, plays Christ, while Ernie, as the only Jew present, is required to order the crucifixion. Unable to bring out the command, he himself becomes the victim.

From here on the brutalization of the German children through the Hitler youth movement, the Pimfe, is portrayed with ascending horror and poignancy, to the culminating episode in which Ernie, beaten up under the calm gaze of Ilse, wanders off to destroy himself.

IN a scene whose tenderness recalls Jakob Wassermann—the child fails at suicide. Years later, having fled with his family to France, he tries it in another form: he tries to become a dog. Ernie has survived the debacle of the French army only to learn that his entire family has been swept away to the extermination camps. With the traditional descent of the saintly into the depths of degradation, Ernie now lives, literally, as a dog—until he becomes the consort of a French farm wife whose husband is a war prisoner. One day the lady tells him that though she has always known, by a certain physical detail, that he is an Israelite, she has only just now learned, in town, that "every Israelite is automatically a Jew!" And in that case he must of course leave her bed for the stable, to approach only on call.

Instead, Ernie returns to reality, and to occupied Paris, where he seeks out the remnant of the Jews. He meets Golda, a girl slightly lamed in the course of her many flights. The day they decide to take off their yellow stars and risk wandering around Paris as an ordinary young couple is unforgettable.

Golda is deported. Then Ernie Levy commits the unbelievable act of trying to get into the deportation center in Drancy. When the Nazis have finished questioning him, he is a whimpering animal curled into a ball against the door. But he finds Golda, and together they accompany a transport of children in the sealed boxcars that roll to the gas chambers of Auschwitz. There Ernie voluntarily leaves the line of those selected to live, and goes with Golda and the children to his transfiguration.

Ernie Levy leaves no descendant. He is the Last of the Just. Faced with this book one must indeed wonder whether humanity has become unredeemable. Yet all good art purifies, and to a vast readership in America, as it has in Europe, this story should bring a cleansing catharsis.

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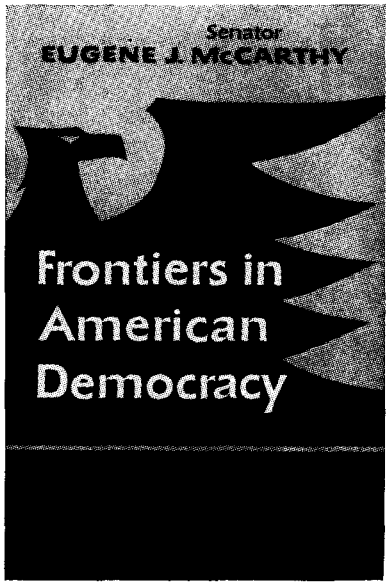
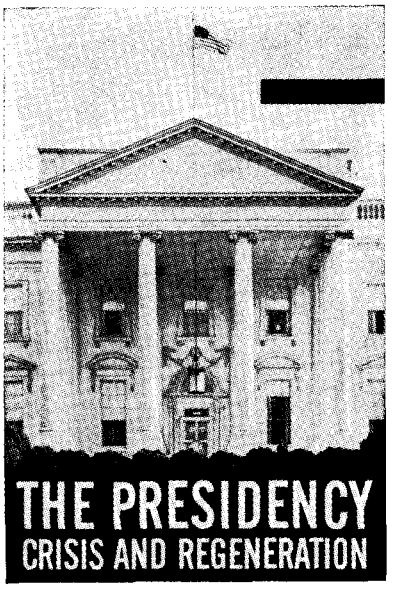
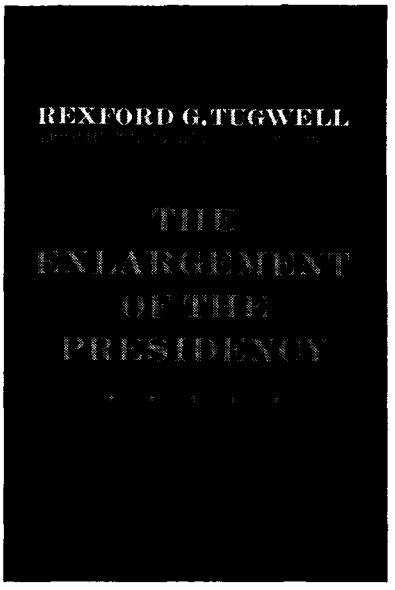
Books in the News







Politics and Policy

By WALTER JOHNSON, *author of "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue."*

THROUGH the clouds of stale oratory at the 1960 Democratic convention one speaker shone with a brilliance rare for such gatherings. As Senator Eugene McCarthy placed Adlai Stevenson in nomination, his speech combined eloquence with perceptiveness and warmth. The youthful Democratic-Farmer-Labor Senator, a former teacher, has long been one of the exceptionally capable leaders in Minnesota's public life. "**Frontiers in American Democracy**" (World. $3.75) combines the richness of his academic background with the experience derived from twelve years of service in the House of Representatives and in the Senate.

Much of what he writes has an immediate bearing on the Presidential election. The Democratic Party in this century, he observes, "has been the party of innovation and decision in both domestic and foreign affairs." The Republican Party, on the other hand, has been "slow to accept change or innovation. It has been suspicious of the novel and fearful of the uncertain and untried." While the author does not ignore the many weaknesses in his own party, he is convinced that the Democrats offer the nation the greatest promise of a successful administration of the government. He contends that not only is his party more ready to accept change and deal with it, but that it is willing "to risk political defeat in the attempt to persuade its members and a majority of the citizens of the United States of the existence of new responsibilities and of the necessity for new and decisive action to meet these responsibilities."

It would be misleading, however, to consider this book as just another campaign document. There is a widely ranging discussion of such questions as the theoretical basis of democracy, religion in politics, politics and politicians, morality in government, the role of the state in economic matters, civil liberties, and the imaginative foreign policy that he believes is vital in the next decade.

Senator McCarthy's analysis of the tensions and trends in the Federal Government is stimulating and highly suggestive. To achieve a more balanced and responsible Congress he suggests that the Senate might concentrate on foreign policy and, in addition, give special attention to the quality and conduct of civil servants and appointed officials. The House of Representatives, meanwhile, would concentrate on general legislation and regain some of the power it has lost to the Senate, particularly on revenue and appropriation bills. While McCarthy is aware of the necessity of reasonable secrecy on the part of the Executive branch, he, like many others, feels that the Eisenhower Administration has extended the barrier of secrecy so far that Congress cannot legislate intelligently. Historic difficulties on this question have been accentuated during the past seven

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World's Toughest Job

By RICHARD L. STROUT, *a veteran Washington correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor.*

WITH Messrs. Nixon and Kennedy crisscrossing the nation in the climax of the 1960 Presidential campaign, here are two books—"**The Enlargement of the Presidency,**" by Rexford G. Tugwell (Doubleday, $6.95), and "**The Presidency: Crisis and Regeneration,**" by Herman Finer (University of Chicago, $5)—which declare that neither candidate, if elected, can possibly fulfill the job. The institution of the American Presidency has become impossible for any one man. The United States must collectivize the function, these authors warn, or face dire peril.

It is fascinating to note how two such dissimilar authorities, starting from two such dissimilar approaches, arrive at such similar conclusions. Stated succinctly, the Tugwell-Finer thesis is that the danger of the times and the gradual extension of the Presidential office have resulted in an enlargement of function that demands a group of men, not a single, lonely individual. No matter how much the supporting staff is enlarged of America's most novel political invention (Hoover had forty-two to help him; Eisenhower 1,200) this won't meet the problem.

The two books complement but do not overlap: Mr. Finer tells what the problem is, and Mr. Tugwell tells how

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Invitation to Serfdom

A TELEGRAM was sent not long ago to the Secretary of State protesting against the half-concealed pressure which State tried to impose on the networks' handling of Premier Khrushchev's visit. It pointed out that one arm of the government was attempting to influence an industry which was licensed by another arm. With this protest went an expression of regret that the broadcasting industry had not asserted its independence—and its responsibility. Copies of the telegram were sent to the major networks.

The incident that inspired the telegram is illuminating, as are certain aspects of the industry's response. Somebody in the State Department talked to somebody at each of the networks' Washington offices and said that State hoped Mr. Khrushchev wouldn't be permitted to use the air for his own propaganda purposes and, in particular, that his appearances would be limited to news coverage and that he would not be asked to "special" programs. None of this was written down and no directive was issued (the First Amendment being observed). My account is based on the reports of the Associated Press.

I have positive evidence that at least one of the people approached in Washington thought so little of the matter that he did not even transmit the State Department's delicate hint to his head office in New York. The crucial part played by Jack Gould of *The New York Times* can best be understood in the light of later developments.

The telegram I have mentioned was sent by the Continuing Conference on Communications and the Public Interest, a group of teachers (and also scholars) in the field of communications. This year, because I am serving as chairman of the Conference's executive committee, I heard from a number of people in the industry about the incident.

Most of what I heard was spontaneous and friendly conversation by telephone. The first reaction I got was that we were wrong in our premise: Pressure, if any, was being put on the *networks*, and the networks are not licensed. Their owned and operated stations are licensed, and so are their affiliates, but the networks themselves are not. This is technically correct. But it is precisely the kind of technicality I would advise the networks to avoid because, if they insist on it, the first thing they know they will have to apply for licenses—and they won't like that any more than, at the moment, I do.

THE next argument was that the whole thing was totally insignificant: Somewhere, somehow, Jack Gould heard something and, bang, there's a front-page story in *The New York Times*. If it hadn't been for Jack Gould, I was told, there would have been no incident.

But actually, it was also pointed out to me, there was no incident, there was no pressure. It was just good old Mamma State, a bit flustered with so many guests coming to the house, and hoping the children would behave nicely. "What would you have done," I was asked, "if State had said it hoped we'd behave well?" In all honesty, my answer wasn't a fair one. I said, in somewhat ruder terms, that I would have told State where to go; what I should have said was that I wish the networks (and I) had been in a position to tell State where to go. The reply to this, in one instance, was: "Well, it was just like a businessman talking over his troubles with you—would you tell him to go to hell?" For "businessman" I read sponsor, and if that businessman interfered with the running of my business, if he dared to comment on that part of my job that most directly concerns the public welfare, I would have thrown him out of my office and gone on the air instantly with a tape recording of our interview.

I have gone into some detail in order to present the circumstances. The essence is this:

- The State Department, by a few telephone calls, made known its hopes.
- The broadcasting business is licensed by another arm of the government and, also, has close relations with State; to offend State might not affect the FCC, but it would imperil the good relations with an agency of government which is of overwhelming significance to broadcasters just now.
- In such conditions the expression of a hope is a hint and (as has been indicated in parallel cases) a hint conceals a threat.
- The broadcasters reacted reasonably. They reacted only *after* the incident had been made public. They implied that the pressure didn't exist.

It was our feeling that State had in its quiet and hidden way attempted to dictate to one of the news media. It was our feeling that now more than ever, in times of tension, all news agencies have to be vigilant against news by handout and pressure to follow policy. Being told that a delicate hint from State isn't any more important than a talk with a sponsor isn't exactly encouraging.

Some time ago a semi-official spokesman for the industry said, "Conceivably we could examine what, if any, legal rights the public has in the medium. For example, there is the standard allegation that 'the airwaves belong to the public.'" All concepts should be constantly examined and re-examined. If the industry will look closely at the concept of "the public interest" it will discover that its first and overriding obligation to the public is to remain independent of outside pressure—even independent of State.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LAST RESORT

WALTER MILLIS's "The Peace Game" [*SR*, Sept. 24] was an eye-opener. It had not occurred to me that even the "military mind" regarded war as fulfilling a positively useful function. Resorting to war, it seems to me, is no statement of fortitude and strength, but an open confession of frustration and defeat. In declaring war, a government is throwing up its hands in bewildered incompetence. Such a reaction is not a mode of coping with reality, but an evasion of it; not the *ultima ratio*, but the *ultima aberratio*.

P. S. DYKE.

Wheaton, Ill.

I WONDER whether Premier Khrushchev and President Eisenhower will read "The Peace Game."

DOROTHY S. BURMAN.

New York, N. Y.

CULT OF PERSONALITY

I HEARTILY AGREE with Harvey Swados's main point in his article "Must Writers Be Characters?" but, as a confirmed Salingerphile, I am a little irritated by his remarks about Salinger. As to the question of why so much has been written about Salinger: His work is very much worth reading, worth thinking about, and therefore worth writing about. Isn't that enough?

ROBERT J. CARR.

Pullman, Wash.

HARVEY SWADOS takes exception to what he calls "the cult of personality" in American letters. This is a point well taken, but not well sustained in his article. Some of the cruel remarks made by Professor Swados are damaging and have nothing whatever to do with literary criticism.

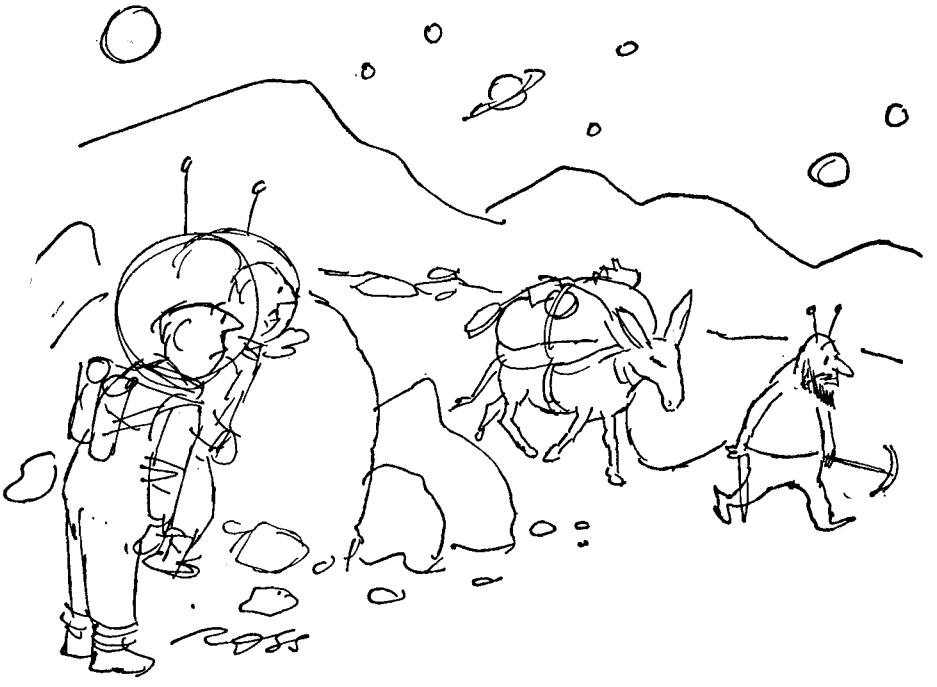
G. B. FICKE.

New Haven, Conn.

NO TRESPASSING

WHILE THE BURDEN of this letter may seem to the contrary, I want you to know that no greater honor could have been paid me and my paper, *The West Virginia Hillbilly*, than the mention in your TRADE WINDS department [*SR*, Oct. 1]. Despite the fact that you inadvertently or otherwise camouflaged our point of origin by putting us in Richmond instead of Richwood, West Virginia, the post office in that one-time capital of the Confederacy has by some sixth sense passed on to us a number of letters inspired by your article, some containing checks.

While, as I say, I do appreciate the mention, I regret it too because people have been subscribing, in the belief that *The Hillbilly* is sophisticated, and not corny, while the reverse is really the true situation. Normally, and on other publications, this would be considered a gleeful and healthy thing, but with us, alas, it



isn't. The sophisticated outsider, known as a "furriner" in our hills, doesn't respond well to our type of journalism, and as a matter of fact reacts quite violently as he reads. We prefer, therefore, more or less to hand-pick our subscribers from among mountain people, or people who have left the mountains for economic reasons, or reasons of an embarrassing and delicate nature, involving either corn which has been marketed in liquid form, or a woman.

I request, since our discomfiture has been instigated by your magazine, that you grant us the privilege of running this letter at your earliest convenience, correcting the vagaries of orthology, syntax, and grammar.

JIM COMSTOCK, Editor,
West Virginia Hillbilly.

Richwood, W. Va.

POLLS APART

MR. ELMO ROPER's article about election polling [*SR*, Oct. 8] is as pretentious and misleading as one would expect. It contains a whole series of alleged representations of my views about polling, which are, in fact, misrepresentations. They are too numerous and unimportant for thorough correction. I should like, however, to correct two of them.

First, Mr. Roper's assertion that I was "looking for flaws" in Dr. Gallup's first post-convention poll because I am "an ardent advocate of the candidacy of Senator Kennedy" is quite simply wholly untrue. The feature that attracted my attention to this poll of Dr. Gallup's was not the Nixon-Kennedy rating; it was Dr. Gallup's ludicrously low percentage of "undecided" voters. It is a matter of record that this poll's under-representation of the percentage of undecided voters caused grave concern in the Nixon camp. The Vice President's chief of staff, Robert Finch, voiced this concern for publication, as can be seen in the August 29 issue of *Time*.

Second, I did not say that "Gallup gave Senator Kennedy a raw deal." I said the opposite. But I did attempt to show that the poll was presented with a lot of needless hocus-pocus, and with many facts omitted which the public, in my opinion, has a right to have.

JOSEPH ALSOP.

Washington, D. C.

LITERARY DIAGNOSIS

IF N. C.'s INDICTMENT in "What's Wrong with the American Novel?" [*SR*, Oct. 1] is warranted, surely it is not "the submerged and shadowy qualities of many of his people" that render Faulkner unpopular. Is it not rather that his characters are too human for most casual readers to plumb? I doubt that some of the other authors he mentions—Conrad, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy—are any more popular with the average American reader than is Faulkner. It is the *reader's* "passion for puniness" that limits Faulkner's popularity. This is not at all the same as a deficiency in the writer himself.

LUKE BERGERON.

Princeton, N. J.

AS A LIBRARIAN, who must hand out some of the inept characterizations that currently pass for "good literature," I heartily endorse N. C.'s opinion.

ERME STONER.

Fort Collins, Colo.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

He Who Doesn't Play the King

GREAT new plays are scarce, and when one is written it would be nice to be able to cheer without reservations. Jean Anouilh's **"Becket"** is, I suspect, a great play, yet even though the present production is the best that money can buy, it tends to rush right past its opportunities to define that greatness.

For "Becket" is intended less as a historical chronicle than as a subtle study of the relationship between two very different men. One, Henry II of England, is vulgar, bluntly ruthless, but at the same time witty and generous. The other, Thomas Becket, is refined, wisely clever, but underneath it all stubbornly insistent upon being dissatisfied with the meaningless pleasures of this life. Out of this strange combination come temporary disappointment and discomfort for the winner, and permanent serenity and peace for the loser.

While the results are clearly stated in this production, the quality of the relationship seems to exist only nominally. To begin with, Lucienne Hill's translation fails to duplicate Anouilh's economy and freedom from ennobling phraseology; but a much more crucial handicap is the casting, with Sir Laurence Olivier accepting the role of Becket, and Anthony Quinn the part of Henry. For, though Sir Laurence has proved himself great at portraying all the qualities of Henry, he has never been extraordinary in parts that require the patience and intelligence of a Becket. And Mr. Quinn has created a reputation for his portrayals of ruthless and vulgar gangster types, but those qualities are the least important half of Henry. The miscasting must be blamed on author, producer, and director, no one of whom fought sufficiently to prevent it. Given this problem, director Peter Glenville obviously could not make the play work, and he therefore has tried to make the production succeed on a more arbitrary level. He does this by making the story move quickly and by calling attention to peripheral virtues. Thus "Becket" becomes a historical pageant that is most impressive in conventional solo highlights or in its sumptuous mounting.

As a pageant relieved by earthy bawdry and political and religious satire, and here and there elevated by statements about faith and honor, it still entertains some fascinating ideas. There is, for example, the ironic notion that the difficulty the rich man has in reaching God may entitle him to a higher place when he finally does so, and the step-by-step discovery by Becket of his own virtuous nature despite his efforts to avoid it—both nicely dramatic. There is also an amusing interchange in which a sly Cardinal advises a crafty little Pope on an ingenious but simple way to deceive the world, Henry, and Becket to the Church's advantage. And while this production somewhat obscures Anouilh's point that in the end Henry, too, deceives the world by pretending a noble gesture while in reality putting "the honor of God" to work for "the honor of the kingdom" rather than vice versa, the lines are nevertheless there behind the performances.

Sir Laurence's great talent is wasted as he rises only occasionally to moments of technical brilliance in a role that balks at extroversion. Mr. Quinn doesn't seem to realize that this is a play that must happen between the lines and must move from the pleasure of the moment to the business at hand with a certain reluctance. By constantly embracing the latter, he seems mostly bluster and malevolence, the King of Spades when the King of Hearts is called for. Oliver Smith's beautiful scenery and Motley's fine costumes enhance the pageant. Whether they help the play is, I'm afraid, an academic question.

WHILE it may not be a great play, Shelagh Delaney's **"A Taste of Honey"** turns out to be the most exciting piece of theatre the new Broadway season has so far offered. Its New York production by Tony Richardson and George Devine gets considerably more voltage into what, in a different London presentation, had seemed somewhat aimless. Joan Plowright and Angela Lansbury, who star in it here, play the affection-starved daughter and her loose mother with intense concentration and resourcefulness. What before seemed a series of accidents now emerges as a closely linked chain of events all stemming from the nature of the mother-daughter relationship. True, the facts that Jo becomes pregnant, that her boy-friend is a Negro sailor, that he skips out on her, and that she is befriended by a young homosexual are still chance happenings that could just as easily be replaced by any other set of occurrences; and the play never resolves its complications with much conviction. But somehow out of the whole business comes an elusive awareness of many aspects of the thoughtlessness and enormous irresponsibility of human behavior in our times.

We see, for instance, how mother and daughter must joke away any expression of mutual affection. The same is true of the mother's drunken suitor, who at every instant feels compelled to turn his love for her to coarseness and alcoholic orgies. And one senses that neither mother nor daughter is unselfish enough to enjoy marriage. They are like the characters in Strindberg's "Dance of Death" (currently being done surprisingly well at Off-Broadway's Key Theatre) in that they need each other as mutual irritants. Since the two have always had an "adult" relationship, Jo has skipped her childhood and adolescence. And her tragedy is that she has both sexual experience and the responsibility of motherhood thrust upon her before she has learned how to accept either affection or purpose.

In general the dialogue is more slice-of-life than it is quintessential. Here and there, however, we find an incisive line such as "I'm not frightened of the darkness outside. It's the darkness inside houses I don't like," or the homosexual's description of women as "the one thing civilization couldn't do anything about."

The style of production is interesting. The action is bolstered by a jazz band on one side of the stage. The actors frequently turn and address a remark to the audience in best music-hall manner. And much of the repartee is delivered with an alacrity twice the speed of life. As Jo, Joan Plowright gives a supercharged performance that is gloriously unsentimental and full of energy and rhythm. Angela Lansbury captures the essential self-indulgence and cheapness of the tarty mother. Andrew Ray's homosexual and Nigel Davenport's suitor are both excellent in the same style. Indeed, this sense of style so well executed makes "A Taste of Honey" a theatrically served nonfattening delight.

SANDY WILSON has written some first-class lyrics and tunes for his adaptation of Ronald Firbank's novel **"Valmouth."** Unfortunately this work about the carryings-on in a fashionable nineteenth-century spa suffers from the difficulty of attempting to sustain a variety of plot threads, particularly when so many of these involve jaded old ladies of both sexes. But while some of us may find "Valmouth" remote and scattered, every debauched centenarian will love it. —HENRY HEWES.

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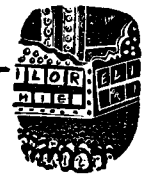

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

South Side and West End

FILMS on the once-forbidden subject of drug addiction are no longer a novelty, but **"Let No Man Write My Epitaph"** must be regarded as an exception. Based on the Willard Motley best-seller, it avoids most of the clichés that have sprung up during the past few years—and particularly the notion that, once hooked, a "junkie" can get unhooked in plenty of time for the happy ending. Mr. Motley, who sent the youthful hero of his earlier book, "Knock on Any Door," off to the electric chair, is a fairly uncompromising sort. True, this time his young man escapes from the slums (although this could be a studio emendation); but the characters who surround him are thoroughly entrapped in their squalid environment, and for them the film holds out little hope, only pity.

Actually, it is in these subsidiary roles—the boy's mother, who works as a B-girl, a derelict judge, a legless newsboy, a prostitute, a cabbie, a punchy Negro fighter, a blues singer in a sleazy gin mill—that the main interest lies. They are the self-appointed guardians of young Nick (whose father is the same Nick Romano who died at the end of "Knock on Any Door"), determined to shield him as far as possible from the brutalizing influence of Chicago's South Side. Their attempts are pathetic but, because the boy has a talent, they eventually succeed. It is their hopes that leave the slums with Nick; they know that they will never be able to follow him.

If there is poignance in this account of the selflessness of small souls, there is also the grim recognition that few indeed, from tenement kids to court officials, share such largesse of spirit. Savage street fights, a night court interlude, and the hovering, hawklike presence of a dope peddler keep in sharp focus the perils and degradation of slum life. It is not a pretty picture, nor is it intended to be—despite the "upbeat" ending provided for Nick. What makes it arresting is the obvious sincerity that underlies the production, an absence of sordidness or sensationalism for its own sake, and a genuine concern for human values. A skilled cast, headed by Shelley Winters, Burl Ives, James Darren, and Ella Fitzgerald, keep the film warm and affecting, while Ricardo Montalban, in a bit of change-of-pace casting, is enormously effective as the ghoulish dope merchant who thrives on the misery of others.

In the uncrowded field of mystery melodrama, Hitchcock continues to reign supreme, but his position is currently being challenged by David Miller and his tense new shocker, **"Midnight Lace."** Miller, it may be remembered, caused something of a stir a decade ago with "Sudden Fear," in which Joan Crawford fled in panic from real and imaginary pursuers. "Midnight Lace" operates from a similar premise. Doris Day, happily married to Rex Harrison, hears a voice calling her name in a dense London Fog—accompanied by a threat to kill. The telephone rings in her opulent West End apartment—the same voice, an obscene message, and another threat of death. Scotland Yard, in the stalwart person of John Williams, is put on the case, and the script cleverly begins to revolve the suspects before our eyes. Could it be Roddy McDowell, so incongruously brash and assured for a charwoman's son? Or Herbert Marshall, whose beady eyes shift wildly about whenever he is discovered near a phone? Or handsome John Gavin, struggling with an English accent, whose wartime symptoms so closely correspond to Scotland Yard's description of the typical "telephone crank"? Surely not Myrna Loy, whose flighty behavior at times seems to belie her native shrewdness? There are also the mysterious man in black, a charming girl from the apartment downstairs, girders that fall either by accident or deadly design, an elevator that strands our heroine between floors, shadows on the ceiling, scaffoldings to give any prowler ready access to Miss Day's bedroom. . . .

ALL of these people and things, have been mustered to chilling advantage; clues are thrown out with such prodigality that one hesitates to guess because practically anyone could be the guilty party. Or it might all be simply a figment of Miss Day's overwrought nerves. Suffice to say that the final surprise revelation covers most contingencies, that the production has been mounted sumptuously and photographed tastefully in subdued Eastman Color, and that Doris Day switches from sunny charm to stark terror with virtuoso skill. It is also pleasant to report that for once in a mystery film, no one screams, shouts, or sprints from one end of town to the other in a frantic chase. On the contrary, the film's air of well-bred urbanity notably augments the shock value of each new turn of events.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT

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JOHN GAVIN
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MYRNA LOY • RODDY McDOWALL
HERBERT MARSHALL • NATASHA PARRY • JOHN WILLIAMS
with HERMIONE BADDELEY
Screenplay by
IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Based upon the Play
"MATILDA SHOUTED FIRE" by Janet Green
Directed by
DAVID MILLER
Produced by
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A Universal-International Release
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Royal Ballet Farewell—Zita Carno, Riegger

THE Royal Ballet concluded its all-too-brief engagement in the Metropolitan Opera House with a pair of farewells, one a firm tradition, the other likely to become one. Nothing could be more "firm" than the senior partnership of Margot Fonteyn and "Sleeping Beauty" which brought the curtain down on the final Sunday night. But it hardly exceeded in warmth or audience enthusiasm the fond farewell that was accorded the junior alliance of Nadia Nerina, David Blair, and "La Fille Mal Gardée" on Saturday evening.

For whatever reason—and it might have had to do with the departure thereafter of Nerina for her guest engagement in the USSR—this was the highest flight yet attained by Ashton's revival of the old classic during this engagement. In addition to darting deftly through the dancing requirements for Lise, Nerina imparted a quantity of mischievous characterization that made her, in fact, a maid as well endowed as she was poorly guarded. The zest and enthusiasm of her performance—as well as the alert response of an audience much more attuned to the spirit of the work than the one that greeted its American premiere a fortnight before—communicated themselves not only to David Blair as Colas and Stanley Holden as the Mother, but also to every other member of the ensemble. It was, in short, a memorable experience.

It was, also, a kind of turning point in the history of the Royal (née Sadler's Wells) Ballet as an American visitor for anything to merit mention coequally with the Aurora of Fonteyn, a long-time synonym for supremacy. But it is inevitable that the company must move ahead from its notable past into a future which will, sooner or later, be Fonteynless. It seems to me that in its current condition it is beginning to develop the resources of ballets and ballerinas to face that future not only with confidence but with pride. In such works as Ashton's "Fille" and MacMillan's "Baiser de la Fée" (in lesser degree, in Cranko's "Antigone") it has shown the power to rejuvenate its repertory with new works of quality danced by a coterie of younger people (Nerina, Beriosova, Page, Lane, etc.) who will hold the quality line while the still younger elements (Sibley, Beckley, Seymour, Lorrayne, Bergsma, *et al.*) gradually attain maturity. Less conspicuous but no less consequential is the emergence of Blair, Macleary, Burne, and Holden as the nucleus of a male complement decidedly superior to anything the company has had in the past. Finally, in John Lanchbery the Royal Ballet has its most competent music director since Constant Lambert. In totality all these favorable developments might seem a product of luck or at least coincidence, but anyone acquainted with the background of the company's slow, painstaking development would rate sound planning and unremitting hard work as of at least equal importance.

AS a reward for having attained his seventy-fifth birthday (though a somewhat belated one, as the event occurred last April), Wallingford Riegger was honored by the New York Philharmonic with a performance of his Variations for Piano and Orchestra, which date from 1954. Though they were thus written when Riegger was a mere sixty-nine, the variations are amply indicative of the mastery of musical means that he has amassed in the decades of his devotion to music. There were, in those times, lean years of few performances and little recognition in the high places represented by the podiums on which the conductors of our principal orchestras stood. But Riegger didn't find it necessary to deviate from his own path to stray onto those with busier traffic.

Thus he has reached his present destination with a life's work consistent in tone and steady in development, of which these variations (written on a Louisville Orchestra commission) are a characteristic element. They show a cheerful and admirable willingness to follow the thread of musical idea wherever it may lead, without regard for significance of the capitalized sort. It not only exposes an engaging variety of personality traits—pensive, piquant, ironic, entertaining—through the manipulation of a twelve-note theme, but also provides a rousing display piece for the talents of such a facile pianist as Zita Carno, who played the solo part expertly.

Whether Miss Carno (a product of New York's High School of Music and

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Art and the Manhattan School of Music) would have qualified as a Philharmonic soloist otherwise (she was the composer's preferred performer) is at least doubtful. As well as participating in the premiere, she was heard in the D minor concerto of Mozart with distinctly less success. Her good fingers tend to produce a more percussive sound than is preferable in Mozart, and she also lacks the refinement of tonal and dynamic means expected in such surroundings. But the balancing traits of musicality and earnestness which prompted her to write her own brief, tasteful cadenzas may be the important ones of her future development.

As beginning and end, Leonard Bernstein provided performances of Weber's "Oberon" Overture and Schumann's Second Symphony, common enough fare of the symphonic repertory, set as a banquet under the current theme of "Schumann and the Romantic Movement." As in last week's "Leonore No. 3" of Beethoven, the coordinated impulse of leader and players made for a higher standard of execution than the orchestra has previously attained under his direction.

—Irving Kolodin.

Wild West (a scenario)

By George Starbuck

HAWOO comes a
tip-top
charliechaplin
engine talking Choctaw

where a busterkeaton
turkeybuzzard
chip chops
buffalo chumps.

Bam Bam Bam Bam
stick em up quicker, Bub:

housefront, storefront,
progress on the march makes

TRACKS while a
clip-clop
bona fide
fodder-burner turns tail

at a matthewbrady
birdie-waver's
flip flop
flash in the pan.

And Man Man Man Man
gimme some ol' time

tintype skin-tight
buttons-and-bows jobs THERE.

MARS

From War's Dust, Phoenix of Peace

"Formula for Death E=MC² (The Atom Bomb and After)," by Fernand Gigon *(Roy. 223 pp. $3.50), cries out against the use of nuclear weapons. Werner Wells, associate professor of surgery at the University of North Carolina, is editor-translator of "Hiroshima Diary."*

By Werner Wells

THIS is a poorly contrived, fragmentary, flashback account of the atom bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The basic theme of the book is condemnation of nuclear weapon testing and nuclear warfare. With this I heartily agree. In attempting to make a case, however, the author flounders.

After a sketchy introduction, in which the scientists who discovered some secrets of the atom are castigated, the flight of the *Enola Gay* is recounted as though it were completely unprovoked—and with a stunning disregard for the emotional and psychological background which, at the time, caused almost no one, the Japanese included, to regard the bombing as unnatural in an all-out war for creature survival.

Case after case is recorded of alleged personal conversations with atom bomb survivors, although it is obvious that several of the accounts, distorted and embellished, are lifted from Michihiko Hachiya's "Hiroshima Diary." The author's attempt to overwhelm the reader with horror and revulsion degenerates through repetition and exaggeration into bathos and morbid hyperbole.

Much is made of postwar efforts by Americans visiting Hiroshima to recompense and restitute atom bomb survivors. This the author attributes to an overwhelming sense of guilt afflicting Americans. "The dollars thus sent to Hiroshima serve both to ameliorate the misfortunes of the poor victims and to still the pangs of conscience of those who have given them. . . . Another example . . . the case of Mr. Cousins, who collected fifty thousand dollars in the United States for the care of the young girls in Hiroshima, mutilated or disfigured by the atom bomb." One would like to think the author naïve; rather he is possessed with guile. We *all* regret the bombing of Hiroshima, but so do we regret the fire raids over Tokyo, the destruction of Coventry, the attack on Pearl Harbor, and the ghastly attempt by Hitler and his minions to exterminate the Jews of Europe. The moral implications of Hiroshima are obviously beyond the comprehension of M. Gigon.

I was annoyed by the allegation that "Hiroshima Diary" was suppressed. "Owing to American censorship, this book, though finished at the beginning of 1953, only recently appeared." The same accusation was broadcast on the cover of *Science et Vic*, a Parisian magazine that the University of North Carolina Press permitted to publish "Hiroshima Diary" excerpts. Baron Jacques Benoist-Mechin, who made an elegant and sensitive French translation of "Hiroshima Diary," was chagrined. M. Gigon fails to mention the Benoist-Mechin translation, although it is obvious that he "used" it.

If a reviewer may defend himself and his government, "Hiroshima Diary" first appeared serially in the Japanese medical journal *Teishin Igaku*, in 1951 and 1952, under the Japanese title "Atom Bomb Gossip." With Dr. Hachiya's permission and gratis publication rights, a crude translation was completed by the time I left Japan in June, 1952. I worked for the next three years to construct an idiomatic American language translation with subsequent publication in August, 1955. Any censorship was my own, with the intent that, when finally rendered, the translation would do justice to the beauty and simplicity of Dr. Hachiya's original account.

The Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission is a special target for the author's spleen. This commission was organized by Presidential decree to conduct, in cooperation with the Japanese, a long-range study of possible delayed radiation effects in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It wasn't intended as a popularity gesture. We expected to be unpopular in many areas, but I do not believe there was a person in the commission who didn't share the sentiments Pasteur expressed in the tension-laden days after the Franco-Prussian War when the institute named for him was opened:

> Two contrary laws stand today opposed: one a law of blood and death, which, inventing daily new means of combat, obliges the nations to be ever

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prepared for battle; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories. The laws of which we are the instruments essays even in the midst of carnage to heal the wounds caused by the law of war.

We found our Japanese medical friends and colleagues of the same opinion and were not surprised. Surprise would have come had they felt otherwise. M. Gigon thus missed the one central theme that made the study possible.

Further comments are unwarranted. The whole book can be epitomized by a characteristically reckless, free-wheeling statement by the author: "The journalists, being less restrained by scientific scruples, produce statements based on partial or incomplete evidence."

LAST HOPE OF VICTORY: "I may lose battles," said General Bonaparte; "I do not lose minutes."

The conqueror could have found no better object lesson than the battle of Midway, where it took American carrier-borne dive bombers just two minutes on a June day in 1942 to cripple Japanese naval power for the remainder of World War II.

From Japanese as well as American sources, Thaddeus V. Tuleja has written a brilliant hour-by-hour reconstruction of this decisive sea action, fought almost entirely in the air. "**Climax at Midway**" (Norton, $3.95) is the second book about naval warfare by this history instructor at St. Peter's College in Jersey City.

At 10:30 on the morning of decision, Rear Admiral Raymond Spruance's fleet appeared to be beaten. Sailors on the four Japanese carriers were cheering the homing Zero fighters which had done most to shoot down all but six of the forty-one torpedo aircraft of the first American attacks. Not a single hit was scored on a Japanese ship, either by carrier planes or land-based planes from Midway Atoll.

But the fliers of the riddled torpedo aircraft had not given their lives uselessly. On the contrary, their sacrifices had set the enemy up for disaster. Before the last of them sank, dive bombers from the carriers *Enterprise* and *Yorktown* were on the way. They met no opposition in the upper air, for the torpedo attacks had pulled Japanese aircraft down to the lower levels.

In a few more minutes enough Zeros would have been aloft to give the Americans a hot reception. As it was, the overconfident Japanese officers had delayed. Most of their fighters were still refueling on the flight decks when dive bombers closed in on the "sitting ducks" from two sides.

Lieutenant Commander Maxwell F. Leslie, leading seventeen planes from the *Yorktown*, found a huge target in the 29,000-ton carrier *Kaga*. Four direct hits made a shambles out of the superstructure and the crowded flight deck.

Less than two minutes later, Lieutenant Commander Clarence W. McClusky divided his *Enterprise* squadron for attacks on the *Soryu* and *Akagi*. Both were veering into the wind to launch planes when 500- and 1,000-pound bombs turned each flight deck into a flaming hell and exploded with horrible effect in the bowels of the carriers.

That was it. Only the *Hiryu* remained, and at 5:03 that afternoon *Enterprise* bombers made a flaming wreck out of Admiral Yamamoto's last carrier. Thus on June 4, 1942, did Japan forfeit her last hope of ultimate victory, for the island empire never recovered from the loss of these major carriers and trained pilots.

There ensued two days of sporadic actions in which the Japanese dealt death blows to the *Yorktown* while *Hornet* and *Enterprise* aircraft were sinking one enemy cruiser and crippling another. By June 7 the great invasion fleet was headed westward in full retreat.

These are only a few phases of a complicated battle, but Mr. Tuleja has told the whole story and told it well. Either for accuracy or interest, it would be hard to improve on his book.

—Lynn Montross.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 904

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 904 will be found in the next issue.

MY AYBYC DMGGFYF
PA GKHAHGA; MY
ESFO LYPCF
LMPOYBYC MPKKYAF
OG RY HA
FONTY.
—OGTFOGH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 903

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them.

—Washington Irving.

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POTENTATES

Dimensions of a Mighty Monarch

"Frederick the Great," by Ludwig Reiners; *translated and adapted by Lawrence P. R. Wilson (Putnam. 296 pp. $4.50), alters somewhat the author's fresh, often witty look at the enigmatic Prussian monarch. Joachim Remak, who teaches history at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon, compares the original study with Mr. Wilson's adaptation.*

By Joachim Remak

TWO CENTURIES, one might think, should be more than sufficient to provide the necessary perspective for some clear and balanced historical judgments. That they have not done this in the case of Frederick the Great of Prussia appears to be due less to the possibility that historical perspective may be a myth than to the startling complexity and contradictions of the king's character and achievements. Frederick the Enlightenment *philosophe* and Frederick the despot; neither is a pose. Both are real, as are his frightening misanthropy on the one hand and, on the other, the endless hours he would labor for the welfare of his people, or his sense of honor and his practice of duplicity, or his conviction that (as he put it in a letter to Voltaire) war was a "business for street robbers" and his deliberate provocations of several wars.

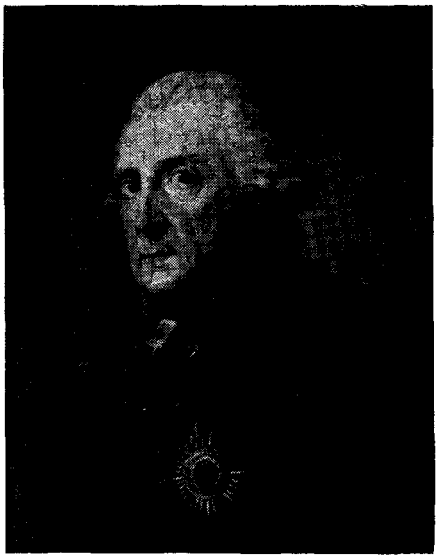
Every man's character, of course, has more than one dimension. The picture of a Ghandi who is all compassion is as much of a delusion as that of a Theodore Roosevelt who is all hearty outdoors-man. But what can make Frederick's image look so different to each period and to each beholder is that his work seems to reflect many of the contradictions of his character. He left Prussia with an administration of justice that was humane and reasonable. He gave the country efficient government and religious toleration. He created an army that was the envy of Europe. He won a series of victories that were to inspire Prussian troops for a century to come. Above all, he made Prussia a great power. "If he were still alive," said the victorious Napoleon in 1806 at Frederick's grave in Potsdam, "we would not be here."

But the French *were* there. One obvious defect of Frederick's structure had been that too much of it rested on his own shoulders, and collapsed when he was no longer alive to support it. Here are a few of the myriad of notes made by the king on one of his frequent inspection trips:

> There aren't many tiled roofs in the towns of Schweidnitz and Neisse; one will have to think about that. . . . Complaints by the people of Schmiedeberg about alleged oppression by the merchants; investigate, and a report to me. . . . More sheep could be kept in Glatz if they were set to graze in the woods on the mountains. . . .

His victories were balanced by some disastrous defeats, and his decisions, while usually guided by tremendous intelligence and knowledge, could also be totally arbitrary. The price paid for the model army was the acceptance of a military spirit that was to gain few friends for Prussia. "The youngest lieutenant before the most senior Councilor" was the social ruling Frederick handed down, and a French observer felt that Prussia was the exception to the rule that states had armies: it was an army that had a state. German critics could be less bitter. "Frederick's greatness," wrote one of them in despair, "has made Germany small."

The original version of the latest biography of the king, Ludwig Reiners's "Frederick the Great" is a delightful book, which might serve as a model of what popular history should be. Reiners (who died recently) was not a professional scholar, but a German businessman who turned to writing in his forties. In his Frederick biography he makes no claims to original research or to new discoveries, but it is apparent that he has gone over the secondary materials on Frederick with considerable care, and that he has drawn on the best of them for his facts, in particular on Reinhold Koser's Frederick biography, which, despite its age, still remains the basic work on the subject. What Reiners has added to it is a fresh look at Frederick, in which there is no attempt to simplify and to resolve the irresolvable paradoxes of the king's character and achievement, but from which Frederick emerges with both his greatness and his failings intact, and hence believably. And, throughout, Reiners has told his story with clarity, fairness, elegance, and a wonderful flair for anecdote.



—From the book.

Frederick the Great (after an oil painting by Anton Graff) — "paradoxes."

The admirable qualities of the original make the treatment Reiners has received at the hands of his English translator and American publisher appear all the more shabby. The book, the title page informs us, has been "translated and adapted from the German by Lawrence P. R. Wilson," and it is not until one has compared the original with the translation that one realizes how stretchable a term "adapted" can be. The term, it appears, covers the deletion of long passages and short sentences alike. It covers the transposition of whole pages from one chapter to another. It covers changes of meaning and of fact. It covers the insertion of large quantities of the translator's ideas and prose with no explicit indication that we are reading Wilson and not Reiners. It covers the introduction of a variety of errors and mistranslations, and the successful demolition of the author's wit and style.

WHAT, one wonders, is the publisher's part in this destruction of a worthwhile book? Writers are not infallible. There are many instances where an editor or a translator may indeed know better. But does not the publisher owe the reader some sort of statement about the principles and purpose behind an adapation? Perhaps if they were explained some of the changes that now seem pointless might make sense. Above all, are not all but a handful of readers bound to judge Mr. Reiners—whose name appears in fairly large letters on title page and spine—by words he never wrote? One may, if one happens to be so inclined, argue that Dali's "Mona Lisa with a Moustache" is a better pic-

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ture than the original; but what one may not do is to exhibit it as a da Vinci, with a small legend underneath reading "restored by Dali."

The failure to provide an explanation may of course be nothing worse than an oversight. But some other details about the way the book has been put together make one wonder. For one thing, a good deal of the editorial material contained in the German edition has been deleted, including a map, without which much of the narrative becomes more than difficult to follow. For another, the dust jacket nowhere mentions the fact that the book is an "adaptation," although the words "translated" or "translated by" appear on it three times. Finally, there is the publisher's blurb:

> Of all the mysteries surrounding Frederick the Great . . . one of the most amazing is that no biography of him has been available in English.

Actually, the amazing thing is how a sentence like this can appear in print, since there are about a dozen and a half full-length biographies of Frederick available in English, including a very distinguished recent one by G. P. Gooch, and the not entirely unknown ten-volume "History of Frederick II of Prussia," by Thomas Carlyle.

POSSIBLY all this will no more than confirm a suspicion many writers must have harbored at one time or another: that publishers don't really have much respect for authors—their own included—since they feel that it is far harder to print and sell a book than to write it. Perhaps, however, it illustrates a less obvious point as well: that publishers don't have very much respect for their readers, either. But why did a house as reputable as Putnam's have to perform this particular operation on so good a writer; and a dead one?

The Lion and the Bear

"The Sabres of Paradise," by Lesley Blanch *(Viking. 480 pp. $6.75), captures the drama in the struggle of Shamyl, the zealous Islamic leader, who tried without success to stop the Russian Crusade in central Asia during the mid-nineteenth century. A member of the Far Eastern and Russian Institute at the University of Washington, Ivar Spector wrote "The Soviet Union and the Muslim World."*

By Ivar Spector

THIS is the story of Shamyl (1796-1871), the "Great Imam," the "Lion of Daghestan," and of his last-ditch "crusade" against the Russian occupation of the Caucasus. It is likewise the history of a very significant phase of Russian colonial expansion in the nineteenth century.

According to the author, in 1834 Shamyl, the dedicated Avar prophet and warrior, "sprang onto the scene in a flash of steel, a clap of thunder, like some flamboyant Prince of Darkness." He reached the zenith of his power and prestige in the Caucasus between 1845 and 1850. Shamyl is portrayed here as a religious fanatic, warrior, lover, husband, and sentimentalist. This "hero of a thousand battles," whose body was riddled with eighteen sword thrusts and survived, was the last of the Caucasian "Mohicans." Indeed, the hopeless struggle between the Caucasian tribes and religious sects, on the one hand, and the Russians on the other, has much in common with the resistance of the North American Indians to the westward migration of the white man. Because of these American counterparts and because Shamyl's life was overflowing with dramatic action, "The Sabres of Paradise" would make a first-rate film, which would be strongly appreciated and fully understood in this country.

Lesley Blanch has devoted much space to the history and interpretation of the Muridist Revolution, a religious movement which spread among the Muslim mountaineers of the Caucasus. Based on Sufism and non-warlike in its origins, Muridism recognized three aspects of Islam: the Shariat (the Law), Tarikat (the Path), and Hakikat (the Truth). Shamyl, the austere Muridist leader who revived and imposed the Shariat on the entire Caucasus, regarded himself as Allah's Second Prophet and as Allah's chosen mouthpiece on earth. Convinced of his divine mission, he transformed Muridism into a Holy War (Ghazavat) under the slogan "Death to the Giaour!" (Russians, or any infidels), with Paradise the prize for all followers killed in battle. For him the Russians were as "poisonous as the snakes that crawl in the steppe of Moughan."

The author has clearly revealed the crusading spirit that animated Nicholas I (1825-55) and the rekindling of anti-Islamic fervor in Russia during the Crimean War (1853-56). Thus the Russian defeat at Sevastopol, which prevented the realization of Russian dreams of the acquisition of Constantinople from the Turks, diverted the full fury of the Russian crusade toward the Islamic peoples of the Caucasus and Central Asia. Although she recognizes at one point that India was not the primary objective of Nicholas I, in general Lesley Blanch seems to subscribe to the prevalent British assumption that all Russian moves in Asia were aimed at the acquisition of India. It is true that Peter I (1682-1725) and Paul (1796-1801) had designs on India. For Nicholas I and his immediate successors, however, Constantinople was just the stepping stone to the erection of the Cross over the Crescent at Jerusalem.

In the Caucasus the Russian crusade confronted a counter-crusade to establish the supremacy of the Crescent over the Cross. The Murid Wars, according to the author, represented a clash of two extremes, "a study in excess." Strictly speaking, Shamyl's Murid Wars were but the final climax of Russian efforts to conquer the Caucasus, which persisted for 137 years, from 1722 to 1859, the year of Shamyl's dramatic surrender.

Three factors, in the opinion of Miss Blanch, brought about Shamyl's defeat: Russian armed might, which following the Crimean War was focused on the Caucasus; the effective leadership and strategy of clemency of Prince Bariatinsky, friend of Alexander II; and serious internal dissensions among Shamyl's followers, which, "spreading like forest fires, swept across his territories with devastating speed."

THIS BOOK, in spite of some exaggerations and questionable assumptions, constitutes a valuable addition to the literature on Shamyl. Technically speaking, it follows the pattern of Gogol's "Taras Bulba," Tolstoy's "The Cossacks" and "Hadji Murad," and recreates the atmosphere of Lermontov's poems. It is the product of many years of study and firsthand observation of the Caucasus, of research in a great variety of Russian and some Arabic sources, and of interviews with Shamyl's descendants. The author has devoted several chapters to the years of Shamyl's captivity, his sojourn in Mecca and death at Medina. She has included an "Epilogue," which brings the story of Shamyl and his protagonists to the present, useful genealogical notes, rare illustrations, and a bibliography.

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Holland's Queen for Half a Century

"Lonely But Not Alone," by Wilhelmina, Princess of the Netherlands *(McGraw-Hill. 288 pp. $5), modestly recapitulates eight decades in the life of Holland's former sovereign. Hendrik deLeeuw is the author of many books, the latest of which is "Conquest of the Air."*

By Hendrik deLeeuw

FIFTEEN years ago a small, motherly, plainly dressed figure, her only luxurious accessory a red fox scarf, stepped off an RAF plane somewhere in liberated Holland after five years of exile in England. Then still Queen of the Netherlands, Wilhelmina had returned to the land that she loved. The familiar sights of home —the scrubbed cobblestones and blue stoops, the flat countryside—were heartwarming. And the enthusiastic reception accorded the Queen by loyal Hollanders, adorned with the traditional orange rosettes, augured well for their nation.

Last year the Princess of Orange completed her autobiography. "I trust," she states in her introduction, "the foreign reader will realize that this book was never intended to become a part of world literature." Nevertheless it is a historic document in that it embraces a fragment of Holland's history: the country's setbacks, two world wars, a five-year, ruthless occupation by the Nazis, and the increasingly strained relations with the now independent Indonesia. Looking back over a full life with the wisdom of eighty long years, Wilhelmina reflects candidly on the divers problems that faced her—problems that she overcame with innate common sense, equanimity, and unbounded optimism over her people's future.

"Lonely But Not Alone" is dedicated to her illustrious forebear, Willem the Silent, and to her daughter, Queen Juliana, whom she adores; but Wilhelmina writes with equal reverence of her father, King Willem III, and of her mother, the unforgettable dowager Queen Emma. The memoirs dwell at length on her childhood, the early years of the new century, her mission as a girl queen, her struggles with her religion, her intellectual development, her abdication in favor of Juliana, her married life with Prince Hendrik.

Echoing Willem the Silent's frugality of speech, Wilhelmina's messages from the throne were always models of brevity. Yet she made sound and often imperious decisions during a half-century reign that was not only fraught with domestic and foreign complications but produced important social reforms: Women received the right to vote, illiteracy was reduced, there was widespread support of old-age pensions and unemployment insurance, the huge Zuiderzee reclamation project was encouraged, and the government sponsored an aviation program that led to the formation of KLM (The Royal Dutch Airlines).

Queen Wilhelmina is often compared to England's Queen Victoria. And the comparison is justified in several respects. Both were called to the throne early, both married German consorts; outliving their husbands, both enjoyed long and successful reigns, and both were extremely precise with respect to court etiquette. Moreover, like Queen Victoria, Wilhelmina was not just a popular figure.

The turbulent war years broke many precedents in her life, but, in conscious or unconscious effort to preserve the monarchy, she adapted her rule to more modern and democratic ideas. Her personal life changed, too. She first crossed the Atlantic in 1942, then again the next year, to pay flying visits to Juliana and her granddaughters, who were living in Canada. Once, when Juliana and her daughters were expected at Lee, Massachusetts, where Wilhelmina was temporarily residing, the Princess of Orange, like any other granny, drove to town to buy linoleum for the bathroom floor, so her grandchildren could splash water to their hearts' content. On another occasion she stopped at a local drugstore where she was greeted unceremoniously with a "Good morning, Queen" by the good-natured druggist, to whom she explained: "I am old-fashioned; everybody uses wash cloths here, but I like a sponge for my bath."

She stayed for a while at Hyde Park as the guest of Franklin Roosevelt, who made such a strong impression on her that when knotty problems arose in London she would often suggest to her councilors, "Don't you think we had better send a cable to President Roosevelt about this?" The Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt also hit it off well, sharing a mutual interest in social reform, education, and, of course, their children and grandchildren.

Obviously a woman of many talents, the Royal Princess used one—her flair for painting watercolors—to enhance the pages of this captivating book. Queen Wilhelmina ends it with characteristic humility:

> I consider my duty accomplished, which was to show how everything in my life was guided and had its significance in Christ's Supreme Plan. I pray that Christ's joy may come to all His creatures and that their joy be fulfilled in Him. He stands at the door of the heart and knocks. If mankind hears His voice and opens the door, He will enter.

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Pomp and Circumstance Revisited

"Farewell Victoria," *by T. H. White (Putnam. 187 pp. $3.50), offers a groom's-eye view of nineteenth-century English society. British literary critic Peter Greeen is the author "Sword of Pleasure."*

By Peter Green

IT IS odd that "Farewell Victoria," which first appeared in England as long ago as 1933, should have taken so long to cross the Atlantic. I remember, very vividly, reading it as a young schoolboy, and my instant, kindling rapture at the rich panorama of *things* that Mr. White evoked from the legendary nineteenth century I had never known, yet instinctively felt in my blood: dinner gongs and Dundreary whiskers, stables and saddling, bathing-machines, the *Great Eastern*, samplers, glittering chandeliers, and flaring gas lights, all the pomp and circumstance of pre-1914, country-house Britain. "The caste-ladder," as Mr. White remarks, "was polite and gentlemanly," but there it was nonetheless; here enlivened with sly asides, as on the maids at family prayers, who "presented their backsides to the Almighty rather shyly, for they were plump."

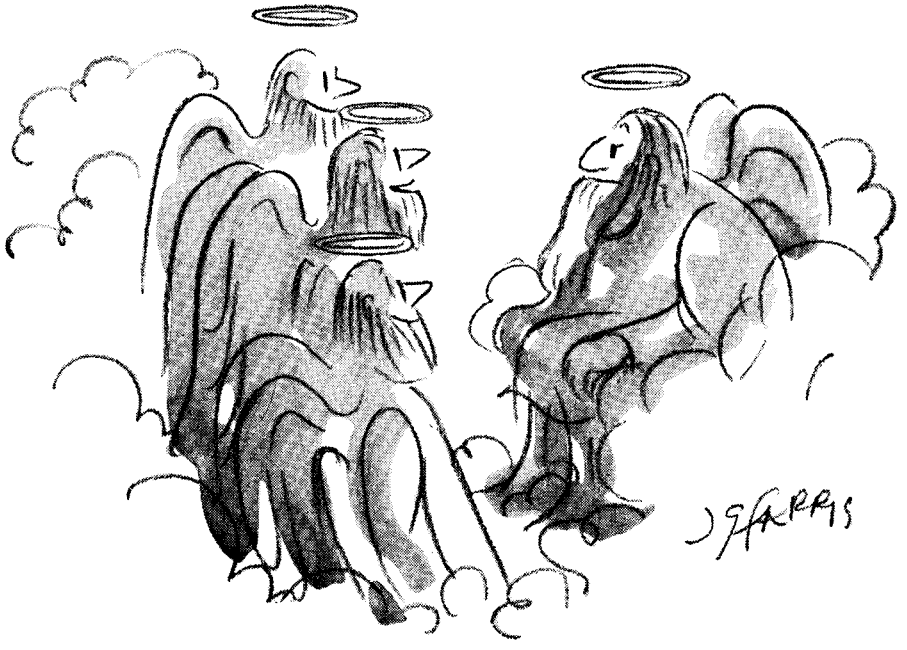
The central figure, which serves as peg for this episodic pageant of latter-day English social history (the overall effect is rather like Noël Coward's "Cavalcade" done over for egghead squires), is a groom called Mundy. We first meet him as a moppet of eight in Sir William's employment, lying in bed hugging a rag doll called the Duke of Wellington to his bosom. He has a glimpse of Jane Austen's Lady Catherine de Bourgh (rather long in the tooth by 1858, surely?), which he remembers on his death bed. Cut to next episode: Mundy is now the young groom of the household, married to Ellen, who leaves him for a smooth-tongued gamekeeper named Foxwell, full of stories about Homeric battles with poachers: Ellen, Desdemona-like, finds his fighting past hard to resist. So Mundy takes to the bottle, and before long is fired; whereupon in the best tradition he goes for a soldier in the Zulu wars and enables Mr. White to give us a terrifyingly authentic account of the Battle of Isandula.

Are we done yet? Not by any manner of means. Now we move on to 1901, to the death of the old Queen, when "something was passing out of England. An essence, feeling, or attitude; something, like a ghost, visible but not tangible. . . ." In its place there came King Edward, begoggled in his Daimler like Mr. Toad, with a haze of baccarat, week ends, and Mrs. Langtry clinging about him. And Ex-Private Mundy of the Green Howards moved with the times too, taking service with a seven-foot, redheaded Russian countess in St. Leonards-on-Sea, marrying a second time, to a nice homely body known as Cookie, and surviving till well after the First World War.

This is a passionate and enchanting book. If Mr. White tends to look back in nostalgia rather than in anger, at least (unlike most writers) he really knows at firsthand the countryside which draws his deepest affection. Few are so familiar with the ways of a horse or a hawk; fewer still can capture their knowledge on the printed page. Mundy's last reflections grasp the whole essence of this world:

> The streams were bordered by the stinking nests of kingfishers and filled with poachable trout. The rabbit runs were on their banks, populous, ancient, informed like the smugglers' paths by rustic law. The fields stretched away, by hedges and warm coverts, for hay and corn, roots and orchards, sheep and cattle. The hunting would almost be over. But there was life everywhere, a common cement, the universal beauty of movement in order. The sea cucumbers and the old boot and the rabbits and the people on the front were humanity; everything was a pack of hounds working, feathering mute in bracken at the very beginning of the waited season, sterns up, white and flashing in the morning dew, full of promise and excitement and the altogether urge. He said to himself, Oh, it is sweet to be alive!

If this catches your throat as it did mine, you'll enjoy every page of "Farewell Victoria." If it leaves you cold, you might as well be dead anyway, so why worry?



"There's a commuter living in Darien, Conn., who'd make an excellent fourth at bridge, and we were wondering. . . ."

ADVENTURES OF A SOUL: It is not easy to write a novel about the ancient Romans. Those hard, dogged, unimaginative men, as stern as the Aztecs and more dangerous, for they spilled more blood, seem to have had no inner life, and very little joy in the world around them. There was always something wooden about them. They had none of the quickness of mind of the Levantines or the joyful clear-sightedness of the Greeks.

Maurice Samuel is perfectly aware of the difficulties of writing about the Romans, but in **"The Second Crucifixion"** (Knopf, $4.50) he has not altogether avoided the sense of frustration that comes to everyone who attempts to

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tell about a people whose manners and morals are so foreign to us. His Rome is a nightmare city of slums and occasional palaces, and his Romans—for it is the time of Hadrian—are rapacious cynics who have lost all belief in their gods and are aware that the empire is in decline. What virtue remains is to be found in the ghettos swarming with Jews and Christians.

WE meet the Christians first when Marcella, the wife of a wealthy patrician, flees from her palace after learning that she is about to be divorced because her husband has discovered that she was a Jewish foundling. The Ebionites, who give her refuge, worship Jesus as the Teacher of Righteousness, but maintain the ancient Jewish rituals. They descend from an earlier dispensation of Christianity, before St. Paul troubled the waters. They are calm, gentle, sincere, filled with the love of God, indifferent to things of the earth, believing themselves to be, as perhaps they were, spiritual legatees of the original Christian Church in Jerusalem. Among them Marcella lives a life of nunlike devotion until she falls in love with Yohanaan ben Matthias, a pillar of the Ebionite Church, a former galley slave ransomed by the contributions of the faithful. Almost at the same time she is discovered by her wastrel husband, who has been converted to Christianity. Both Yohanaan and her husband claim her; and the ghostly battle is still unresolved when all three are drowned in an accident on the Tiber.

It is an unsatisfactory ending, and there is much that is unsatisfactory in the novel. The machinery creaks; there is no light or fire in the character of Marcella; and the long meditative passages on the nature of Gnosticism and the differences between various sects of Christianity hold up the flow of the novel. But the virtues outweigh the vices. With quite extraordinary erudition Mr. Samuel has attempted to reconstruct a dark and rarely understood period of Christian history, and he has thrown much light on it. In the tradition of "Marius the Epicurean" and "John Inglesant" he has dared to write about the adventures of a soul.

—ROBERT PAYNE.

Morning Mirror

By A. D. Freeman

LAST night, elate, I skated on
This tippy rink and now its yawn,
Dusted with daylight, deprecates
To zeros those fine figure eights.

(*A Burnished, Emphatic Flavour Guide*)

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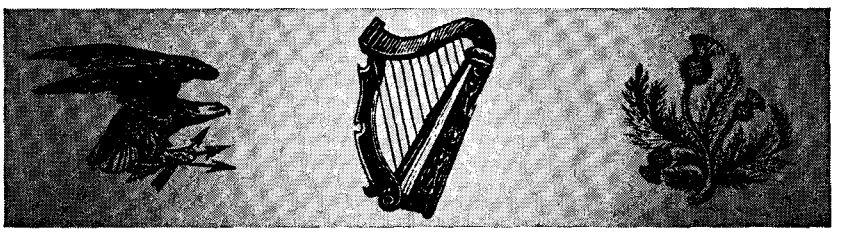

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Thus, if you know what Scotch and American Whiskeys taste like you can get some idea of what to expect from Irish Whiskey. But what cannot be shown on any chart is how thoroughly you will enjoy the delicious differences of Irish Whiskey now you know what to taste for.

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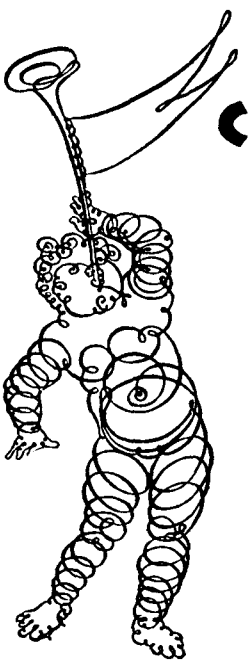

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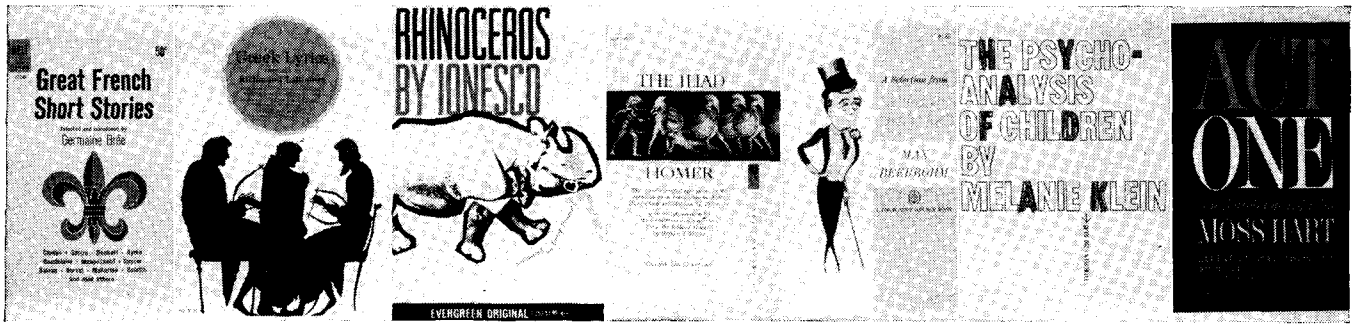

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

NOW AND THEN: When "Walden," Henry David Thoreau's reflections about life on the banks of a pond in Concord, Massachusetts, was published in 1854, 2,000 copies were printed. Signet Classics has just issued a handsome edition together with Thoreau's essay "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience." The first printing order was for 200,000 copies.

EVEN UNIVERSITY PRESSES can be sentimental about anniversaries. Cornell University Press has earmarked October 20 as the publication day for Andrew Burnaby's "Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the Years 1759 and 1760, with Observations Upon the State of the Colonies." The Reverend Andrew Burnaby, vicar of Greenwich, England, traveled from New Hampshire to Virginia, recording his impressions in a diary. The date he sailed from America was 1760, October 20 to be exact.

POSTSCRIPTS: For those who have wearied of most of the how-to books, here's a new one, "Diving for Gold." Published by a group of Sacramento, California, enthusiasts who call themselves Underwater Enterprises, this paperback tells how to find caches of gold, what equipment you need, how to pry the gold from underwater once you've found it. "Beneath the glistening surface of a thousand winding rivers and streams lie vast fortunes in gold," writes author Keith Fuller, "fortunes locked in the quiet world of the depths waiting only the finding for the taking." Snorkel anyone? . . . Evergreen has yet another new series, this one called Target Books, which will spotlight current events on both national and international scene. Dan Wakefield's "Revolt in the South," is the first title. . . . Holt, Rinehart & Winston are adding a booklet, "Integration," to their college teaching series, designed to give both teachers and students specialized information to supplement classroom reading. . . . Washington Square Press and Paris's Librarie Larousse, publishers of dictionaries and encyclopedias, have joined in publishing "Larousse de Poche," which promises to fit 32,000 *mots choisis* into a pocket. . . . In case you've been trying to recall the opening lines to "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," "The Penguin Book of the Narrative Verse" has it. "Sohrab and Rustum," too. Those lines, by the way, are "It is an Ancient Mariner and he stoppeth one of three."

—Rollene W. Saal.

FICTION

An excellent international selection of short story anthologies appears among the new releases. Two unusually good ones complement each other: **"Nineteenth Century French Tales"** (Anchor original, $1.45), edited by Angel Flores, and **"Great French Short Stories"** (Dell, 50¢), selected by Germaine Brée. Mr. Flores shuns the traditional masters of realism—Balzac, Zola, Flaubert—for those writers, like Petrus Borel, Joseph Méry, and Aloysius Bertrand, whose works led the way towards symbolism and surrealism. Also present is Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe," a lengthy fictionalized account of the author's tortuous liaison with Mme. de Stael. In her volume Miss Brée traces the development of the short story from the anonymous fifteenth-century tale to the interior monologues of Samuel Beckett. Colette, Marcel Aymé, Pierre Gascar, and Albert Camus are among those represented.

Of the nineteen stories included in **"Soviet Short Stories"** (Anchor original, $1.45), edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky, only seven were written as recently as the 1950s. Most of them come from the earlier years of the Communist regime, yet surprisingly few belong to the genre that Yarmolinsky aptly calls "hallelujah literature." In fact, rather than paeans in praise of tractors and soilage banks, many of the stories by Babel, Pasternak, Leonov, Olesha turn with a sophisticated attention to individual human problems.

The Scribner Library's paperback edition of F. Scott Fitzgerald's **"Babylon Revisited and Other Stories"** ($1.25) has no introduction by a learned critic, no foreword, no afterword—just the stories. They are quite enough. Written between 1920 and 1937, these stories, including "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," "The Ice Palace," "The Rich Boy," distill the essence of Fitzgerald, a fine wine and rare.

Joseph Conrad's **"Tales of Heroes and History"** (Anchor, $1.45) are about men caught in political intrigue, from the Napoleonic autocracy, the South America conflict between royalists and republicans, to the web of colonialism in the Congo. "The Duel," "Gaspar Ruiz," and "The Informer" each illustrate themes that Conrad exploited more fully in his novels.

The stories in Shirley Jackson's **"The Lottery"** (Avon, 35¢) are weird, macabre, revealing the ghoulish aspect behind the everyday facade. Here the reader finds horror stories with a deft, modern twist.

THE CLASSICS

Many a would-be reader of Homer's **"The Iliad"** (Bantam, 50¢) has been put off by its highly stylized poetic form. Now a sturdy prose translation by Alston Hurd Chase and William G. Perry, Jr., is available with the added attraction of Herbert Muller's essay on the "real" Troy as discovered in archeological excavations. Jérôme Carcopino has relied heavily upon archeological findings for his re-creation of **"Daily Life in Ancient Rome"** (Yale, $1.45), which depicts the imperial splendor during the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian in the first two centuries after Christ. In his account of a Roman's day—the ritual of the bath, the chariot races, the mock sea fights—the author presents

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a picture of opulence right out of a Cecil B. DeMille set.

"The Portable Greek Historians" (Viking, $1.65), edited by M. I. Finley, provides a good introduction to the writings of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Polybius. The selections are sufficiently lengthy to give a true sample of the writer's style and degree of objectivity. For a closer look, Thucydides's account of the twenty-seven years during which Athens and Sparta clawed at each other is available in a paperback edition of Benjamin Jowett's classic translation, **"The Peloponnesian War"** (Bantam, 75¢).

In **"Greek Lyrics"** (Phoenix, $1.35) Richmond Lattimore has collected a charming group of poems, ranging from the measured lyricism of Sappho and Anachreon to bawdy drinking songs and the dry wit of such epigrams as: "The fox knows many tricks, the hedgehog only one./ One good one."

From the days when legendary Theseus proved himself by herculean tasks to the glory of Pericles on to the brash daring of Alcibiades, Plutarch tells of **"The Rise and Fall of Athens"** (Penguin, $1.25) through her greatest leaders, her men of action. Ian Scott-Kilvert's new translation for this paperback edition is excellent.

THE MIND

For the past several years psychiatrists haven't hesitated to turn their attention to the study of philosophy, examining in psychiatric terms the motivations and goals of great philosophical systems. Recently, however, the philosophers turned the tables and invited a distinguished group of psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, and psychologists to take part in the New York University Institute of Philosophy's annual symposium, where the subject discussed was the scientific basis of psychoanalysis, its aims and scope. Sidney Hook has collected the arguments in **"Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method and Philosophy"** (Grove, $2.45). Harvard's Raphael Demos, Cornell's Max Black, and Charles Frankel of Columbia were seated with the philosophy team, while among those expounding the psychiatric theories were Lawrence Kubie, Heinz Hartmann, and Jacob Arlow.

Melanie Klein's **"The Psychoanalysis of Children"** (Grove, $2.45), first printed in 1932, provided evidence of neuroses in the very young. According to Mrs. Klein, six months old isn't a bit too early to develop an Oedipus complex. Another woman who contributed to the exploration of the psyche was Dr. Frieda Fromm-Reichmann, whose **"Principles of Intensive Psychotherapy"** (Phoenix, $1.75) offers lucid explanations of the therapeutic values of the therapist-patient relationship in which are worked out the problems which torment the emotionally disturbed.

The chapter titles in Harold Greenwald's anthology **"Great Cases in Psychoanalysis"** (Ballantine, 50¢) read like a shelf of whodunits: Freud's "The Girl Who Couldn't Breathe," Theodor Reik's "The Unknown Murderer," Robert Lindner's "The Girl who Couldn't Stop Eating." Despite this obvious attempt to dramatize what are essentially clinical reports on unusual cases of neurosis, the book, presenting diverse problems and the methods of treatment, makes compelling reading.

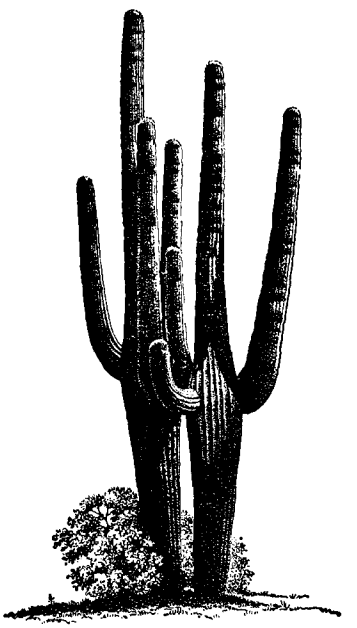
THE THEATRE

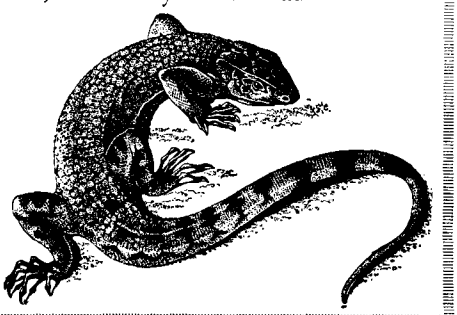
In case anyone hasn't heard, Moss Hart has written his memoirs, or at least the first part of his success story. **"Act One"** (Signet, 75¢) tells in a tone of wonder and geniality about the author's trek from the Bronx of his boyhood to Broadway.

First the play, then the movie, and now the book seems to be the present order of things, and Dore Schary's script for **"Sunrise at Campobello"**—(Signet, 50¢) falls into line. This is the account of three crucial years in the life of FDR, from his crippling attack of infantile paralysis to his emotional and political triumph at Madison Square Garden in 1924 when he made his famous "Happy Warrior" speech in nominating Al Smith for President.

To the French dramatist Eugène Ionesco the world is awry, a place where things are not what they seem. Unlike many surrealist playwrights whose works are relegated to attic theatres, Ionesco has enjoyed an international success. His play **"Rhinoceros"** (Grove, $1.95) will appear on Broadway later this fall, following its Jean-Louis Barrault production in Paris and an Orson Welles-Laurence Olivier presentation in London. What happens to a small town when it is invaded by rhinoceros is the situation. "The Leader" and "The Future Is in Eggs," two shorter works, are also included in the volume.

In 1898 George Bernard Shaw resigned as drama critic of London's *Saturday Review* and Max Beerbohm took his seat on the aisle. Despite Beerbohm's repeated claim that he really wasn't very fond of the theatre, his criticism for the next dozen years was witty, acerbic, brilliantly perceptive. **"A Selection from Around Theatre"** (Anchor, $1.45) contains essays from the larger "Around Theatre" and should only whet the reader's appetite for more.





Illustrations by Rudolph Freund in the book.

WIND, SAND, AND STARS form the backdrop for Joseph Wood Krutch's **"The Desert Year"** ($1.35), one of the new Viking Explorer Series paperback science books. Mr. Krutch, a distinguished American teacher and literary critic, is also a naturalist, an observer of nature's patterns, to whom the flight of a bat or the courting habits of lizards are a source of wonder and delight. He is, in many ways, the modern Thoreau of the American Southwest, yet, unlike his New England counterpart, Krutch's humor is gentle, his tone genial. For Krutch, his experience in the desert served as an affirmation "that courage is admirable even in a cactus; that an abundance of some good things is perfectly compatible with a scarcity of others; that life is everywhere precarious, man everywhere small."

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Presidency

Continued from page 19

it got that way. Mr. Finer taught twenty years at the University of London before coming to this country, where he is at the University of Chicago. After twenty-two earlier books (according to the dust jacket) this one sounds as though he had hauled back finally for a roundhouse punch. His newest book is a "must" for any debate on the subject from now on.

Mr. Tugwell's approach is more discursive and episodic, running down from broad meadows of text to plashy rivulets of footnotes that may amble anywhere. His tone hardens as he comes to the present, however; as an Old New Dealer, to him FDR is still "refulgent," but his eye narrows as he scans Mr. Truman, whom he sees, it appears, with the memory of a Wallace supporter in the ill-starred Progressive Party aberration of 1948.

It was Truman, charges Tugwell, who "allowed a cold war to begin" and who brought the Presidency to "a lower point . . . than it had been even in the Harding Administration." He refers to "competition with Russia which blundering diplomacy had allowed to develop after Roosevelt's death. . . ." (If the Soviets had any responsibility, Mr. Tugwell doesn't mention it.)

"Neither Truman nor Eisenhower," he says finally, "have the remotest chance of being listed in the future as among the more competent Presidents; so much could be said even without the advantage of perspective."

These heady judgments are, however, actually but a small part of the thick book. Mr. Tugwell narrates with approval how strong Presidents throughout our history made the awkward three-way American government run by a constant accretion of executive power. But now, he says, a critical point is reached: Congress cannot take the lead, and the Presidency as it has been enlarged can no longer be handled by one man.

Mr. Finer makes his own sharp, personal judgments though they seem less influenced by animus than by a search for illustrations. President Eisenhower frequently appears as an unfavorable example of executive quiescence.

Mr. Finer cites Eisenhower's dependence on Dulles ("only a weak President allows his Secretary of State to make foreign policy"); on Sherman Adams ("a surrender of responsibility . . . the most remarkable in American political history, exceeding the trust placed by President Harding in that shady character, Harvey [sic] Daugherty"); and on George Humphrey, former Treasury head (to whom, he charges, Eisenhower "pusillanimously" turned over the job of explaining the January, 1947 budget crisis, resulting in a "contemptible fiasco").

Nor does Mr. Finer like Mr. Eisenhower's gingerly treatment of the Supre Court's segregation decision, which he calls "a glaring example of lack of conviction." In his opinion, the President's budget policies may have "weakened disastrously" American defense, and there was a "shocking" delay in intervening in the 1959 steel strike.

The reader realizes with a start that the sympathetic press must soon give up the Hero-President to the historians who are lying in wait for him after

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BOY STILL MEETS GIRL

Those star-crossed lovers Romeo and Juliet were well known before Shakespeare immortalized them in the early 1590s, and they have inspired many works of art since, particularly in the field of music. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, lists ten of these and asks you to match them with their creators, whose names appear on the right. Answers on page 38.

1.	"Pictures for Romeo and Juliet," orchestral suite	( ) Hector Berlioz
2.	"Romanoff and Juliet," play	( ) William Boyce
3.	"Romeo and Juliet," ballet suites for orchestra (3)	( ) Arthur Brooke
4.	"Romeo and Juliet," dirge for orchestra	( ) David Diamond
5.	"Romeo and Juliet," dramatic symphony	( ) Edward German
6.	"Romeo and Juliet," incidental music	( ) Charles Gounod
7.	"Romeo and Juliet," overture-fantasy	( ) Dmitri Kabalevsky
8.	"Romeo and Juliet," suite for orchestra	( ) Sergei Prokofiev
9.	"Romeo et Juliette," opera	( ) Peter Ustinov
10.	"The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet"	( ) P. I. Tchaikovsky

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eight years. But, as in the case of the Tugwell book, Mr. Finer's real theme is something vastly more urgent and solemn.

Many thoughtful Americans have doubts about the ability of their sluggish system of separated powers and one-man leadership to meet the awful challenge of modern times. Mr. Finer is firm about it: it won't work. Like any convinced reformer he is aggressive, urgent, possibly extreme, and rip-snorting in a scholarly way. He is also absorbing.

The selection of a President, he charges, is a "gamble" carried through "by the most ramshackle, the flimsiest method ever used to select the supreme leader of a nation." The burden on one man constitutes "the vital flaw" in American government," as dangerous with a weak President as a strong one; "no matter how the sophisticate tries to close his eyes to this challenge, the stark fact is inescapable." The one-man executive is "all-too-possibly an instrument of future disaster." Finer calls for "shared or collective responsibility" to ease "the awful burden."

So much for him. Now take Tugwell. The White House burden, he says, has become "impossible" and some change is "imperative." Voters ask "one individual to do more than one individual can do." We are the only nation to make such a demand, says Tugwell; the triple offices of executive, chief of state, and party leader "are nowhere expected to be assumed by a single individual except in the United States."

WELL then, what to do; should Congress be given back its powers? No, say both men; it is not as simple as that. Congress, states Finer, "has a penchant for contriving its own eclipse." The solution is to break down some of the barriers between them. Mr. Finer spells out a possible alternative—the election of a collective executive, President and eleven Vice Presidents, all at once. This idea turns out to be a modification of the British cabinet-parliamentary system. Before the reader waves it aside, he should note that in this campaign Mr. Nixon has already promised to put Mr. Lodge, if elected, in charge of all nondefense foreign agencies. Suppose he had several other Vice Presidents to help him out in a collective group?

Mr. Tugwell is less specific about alternatives but insists that the unitary executive must become pluralistic: British and Scandinaviains have their cabinets; the Swiss their Council, even the Russians and Red Chinese have their committees of the elite. In the scary days ahead, he feels the one-man President is as antiquated as the one-hoss shay.

Politics

Continued from page 19

years, he concludes, because so many high officials have been drawn from big business and the military. These officials — the managers — treat Congress much like a board of directors of a corporation or junior officers "occasionally gathered according to traditional formalities to be briefed, given permission to ask a few questions, but not necessarily to provide full answers."

Meanwhile, McCarthy writes, the people are treated as stockholders or enlisted men: "The general policy toward them is to withhold information which might be discouraging to them or cause them to lose heart, and to tell them only those things which are likely to encourage optimism."

WHILE "Frontiers in American Democracy" is a lucid exposition of many major issues, its brevity at times leads to oversimplification. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization was created to resist Communist aggression, but it is misleading to say it was signed by "twelve democratic nations." Certainly, Portugal defies this definition. And it is surprising that among the useful suggestions for achieving a more responsible Congress there is no discussion of the seniority system. Despite such an omission, Senator McCarthy raises important questions and provides many enlightening answers to them. He is a well-read, thoughtful person. It is encouraging that he is in the Senate of the United States.

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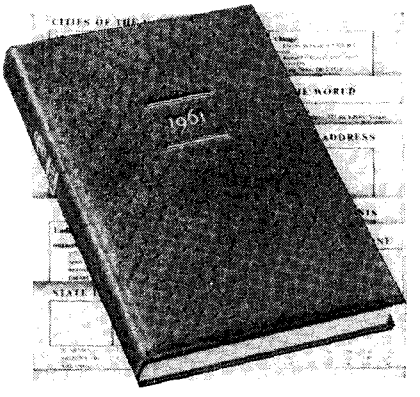

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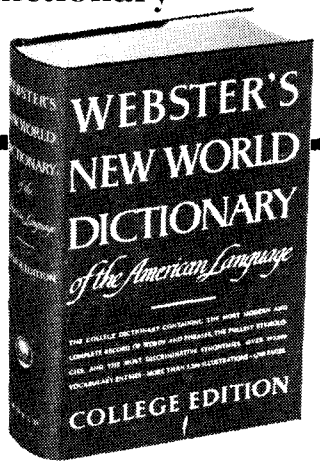

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Books of the Week

Continued from page 17

buff whose instincts lead him naturally to Proustian intervals in which language is about *all* that matters. It amuses him to play a game of crackling sophistication and decadent behavior against a rude jungle background. Sometimes this indulgent self-expressionism contributes to better insight into why the pressured people on stage have made the beds they lie on. And sometimes the effect comes perilously close to a trivial play of sounds signifying not much. *Caveat lector* certain literate, euphonic passages which may move the ball goalward—or prove to be circumlocutions dancing straight for the sidelines.

"For Innocents Only" deals with internal relationships among fallible human beings—how they feel and think about each other—rather than with events. By last act one has had an absorbing visit with them during a pivotal period when they can no longer hide from their inner truths. A considerable achievement, and undoubtedly the principal target the author had in mind for us at this outing.

MUSE AT LARGE: If Robert Kirsch, the author of "**Madeleine Austrian**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.50), didn't take his heroine of the same name so seriously, one might be able to take his novel more seriously. For here we have again one of those eternally beautiful, eternally questing females. This one's particular case of retarded development is a fixation about her own immortality, to be achieved through a great artist whose genius depends on her inspiration. Madeleine isn't too fussy about which of the arts is to be thus enriched by her existence. As long as it's creative, it's all right with her.

Still posturing like a girl of twenty at the age of thirty-two, Madeleine takes three-quarters of the book to leave her "uncreative," albeit understanding lawyer husband—a step she is contemplating at the beginning of the novel. In the interim, she keeps the life force flowing in a number of artistic beds up and down the California coast.

One is inclined to think that Robert Kirsch is too good for Madeleine Austrian. He juggles a large cast deftly, and he demonstrates that he is a fine, selective reporter in his gleanings of persons and places on the beat scene in the Los Angeles area and in San Francisco. It is only when he gets close to Madeleine herself and her purported fatal charm that the novel becomes ludicrous. Unfortunately, the novel is about Madeleine.

—Lois Wagner Green.

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Poem in an Orange Wig

Continued from page 15

ured to the disparity between the price of bombs and the price of everything else. So inured, indeed, that it is salutary that we should remind ourselves, every now and then, that this is by no means a natural state of affairs, ordained by the heavenly engines. It is not. There is, in fact, only one thing in common between poems and atomic bombs: this is the law of unpredictability.

I feel, more and more, that I really know nothing about society except that I don't like it, and nothing much about poetry except that I do like it. And the affection I have for the art of poetry seems to increase in proportion to my disaffection from society. This is, of course, a simple admission of escapism. But I suggest that it is human and natural and even sensible to try to escape from a condition one finds unpleasant and unprofitable. Only the British War Office would blame a man who wanted to escape from the presence of TNT. It is a perfectly natural impulse. And only those people who are thoroughly and painfully caught up in it really experience a desire to escape from the vicious treadmill of contemporary society. I do not believe that the highest function of the poet is to perform a sort of social service for the soul. The action and influence of poetry upon the spirit of a nation—if poetry has any influence upon this spirit at all—is infinitely less direct. The Muse, like all clever women, works her will upon things in a much more roundabout way.

This issue, the social responsibility of poetry, is one with which poets have always been very puzzled and concerned. And they have never been more concerned about it than during the last twenty years. It is less so at the immediate present. In the Thirties a handful of serious poets did their best to persuade society not to commit suicide. But now the poets have nothing much to do except to preside at the funeral ceremonies, to drink, to remember, to honor, to elegize. This is not an unprecedented state of affairs. Other poets in other places have been called upon by history to compose the obituaries of a civilization.

It is never very necessary to tell contemporary society what, if anything, is good and right about it, for the reason that its highest value for us is the simple fact that it is contemporary. As regards any other merits it might have, these things are subject to distortion in the eye of the observer. I believe that Ezra Pound is the best poet alive, but this is a conviction I could not really defend, in spite of the assistance offered by Mr. Peter Russell. I see Pound's poetry through pink spectacles. But whether the spectacles are on my nose or the nose of the poems I do not know. What I know about his poems is that they are alive and kicking and compete with the cinema and psychoanalysis and love affairs and all the paraphernalia of twentieth-century life. But this can be said about the poems of all serious modern poets.

To me the most remarkable thing about contemporary poetry is that it is not in fact very remarkable. I mean simply that in the colored strutting of the various arts and sciences up and down the avenues, it is, nowadays, much easier to remark other arts, or any one of several sensationalistic sciences. The wallflower is the poetry. She, however, is, really, all the better for looking less like a streetwalker than, say, contemporary painting. The reason is that poetry, when a trifle too much attention is paid to her, tends to exaggerate her inborn flirtatiousness. She becomes a bitch. Bitches are females who indulge in their femininity with a too melodramatic self-congratulation. They are women or poems who neither desire nor are desired as much as it seems. I think it fortunate that the art of poetry is not, at this particular time, particularly fashionable. It is in less danger now than it was ten years ago of going around wearing a ridiculous hat just because it knows that people are looking at it. There was that time when the Muse found it expedient to disguise herself as a workman, a proletarian boy, a psychoanalyst, and a Hyde Park anarchist, all within the space of a year. This versatility—the poem as soap box, the poem as axe grinder, the poem as confessional, etc., —although all this is in the long run salutary for the constitution of the art because it makes for a toughening up of the thing, has, at the same time, one immensely dangerous consequence. It persuades the poet that his poems might reasonably do all sorts of things that poems constitutionally cannot do. I do not believe that poems can by a direct operation discourage the immoralist or improve the growth of barley

Mad About Bodies

By Harold Witt

MAD about bodies, if massive enough—God's
pectorals, biceps, forearm, fingertip
pointed toward Adam, an excuse to muse
on muscles in repose, masculine Eve;

athletic sybils sit with books or scrolls
like anatomy charts of how arms look
variously lifted, prophets pose
with wrists of wrestlers bent over knees—

he peopled the Pope's chapel with huge nudes.
Another wall? Ungentle Christ will judge,
exposing an armpit like a discobolus,
the swarming forms of flesh. A tomb?

Then chip a rippling Medici from stone,
nippled and naked kneed, let Lorenzo brood
armored above Dawn and Twilight who recline
beardedly virile and almost feminine

(women are men unsexed with breasts tacked on
or mild madonnas blurred by drapery)
let inward Night, the unfinished face of Day
be marble statements about men and time.

Make a giant, Angelo, out of that rock.
He tugged it home and tapped a David out.
That one Pietà best, a Christ,
so shouldered he could hold the world's weight,

dwindling to thin legs, a face beside,
if it had been finished, would have cried—
Magdalene perhaps, doomed like him to live
desiring love no touch of body gives.

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or cure the stammer. At best they can speak the truth as they see it about men and events. But from this operation all kinds of mysterious consequences follow.

I have spent a lot of time looking for an image that might convey to others what I saw, rightly or wrongly, the poetry of things to be in its nature. I was very young when I saw the oyster as the symbol of the poet, covering his personal and impersonal sensibilities and wounds with the nacreous excreta of the poems. This was a modest and—within limits—a fairly felicitous image. (I have since discovered that

this symbol, like so many of the most dramatic symbols in latter-day literary criticism, is the original property of Robert Graves.) But it happened to leave out much more than it accounted for. We all know the consolations that the writer finds in his doodling and the drunk in being sick. Then, later, committed to the conviction that you cannot find an equation for poetry other than the various individual poems that go to make up all poetry, I saw the symbol of poetry as the recurrent seven of mathematics. It was a sort of formalized aperture in the human intellect through which reality entered or escaped. And through this aperture the vision of the poet gazed down from the altitude of the imagination. It gazed down and made comments. The comments are the poetry. I can illustrate, perhaps a little obscurely, what I mean if I put a line of Dante's against a remark of Voltaire's. Doctor Pangloss knew that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Dante said:

In His will is our Peace.

The difference is simple. Voltaire is angry and resentful at the disgusting conditions of human existence. He has got some reality stuck in his gullet. Dante is contemplating human existence from a rarer atmosphere—he has digested reality and observed with an act of imaginative vision. When Blake wrote:

If the Sun and Moon should doubt
They'd immediately go out

it was an imaginative affirmation which Voltaire, that professional question mark, would, I suppose, have found mere gibberish.

I want to revert for a moment to a former subject of these remarks: the likelihood that poets are about to be starved out of existence. This eventuality may appear, to a nation in the throes of impending bankruptcy, as an inconvenience of very minor proportions. In a world where everything else is expendable, why on earth not poets? But this is not an exact statement of the facts. The truth is that a new conception of the expendable has arisen in our society. We know only too well that the necessities of life are no longer what they once were; but certain things are still necessary, if only a dotted line and some characters to inscribe upon it. But the exact interpretation as to what the necessities of life in truth may be, this is the first social responsibility of the poet. Those ideals from which we draw our notion of what is and what is not necessary to our existence are ideals interpreted to us not by politicians or policemen but by poets. They are established by saints and interpreted by poets. These ideals can never be very clearly discerned by the world at large, because it is going about its more immediate business all the while. This

is why the world at large finds it hard to believe either in the existence of such ideals in the first place, or that such ideals have anything to do with writing poems. That there is a relationship of blood between the death of Captain Scott and the heroic ideal of John Milton is not so far-fetched a speculation as all that. Our conceptions of moral grandeur are not derived from an accidental picking and choosing among precedents; they are put upon us by the electors of moral categories, and these are poets. The saint is inceptor.

The English heroic ideal got itself perfectly enunciated in "Paradise Lost." It is an ideal of Justice. The hero is a man prepared to take the consequences. This ideal is no less perfectly dramatized in the death of Captain Scott. I am not saying that Scott died because Milton wrote an epic. I am saying that Scott died a death for whose moral grandeur Milton could be held in part responsible. The spiritual indigence of the world as it is now cannot entirely be divorced from the frivolity of those poets of the First World War who gave us harrowing snapshots of trench warfare instead of a new conception of moral grandeur. We inherited from the Georgian poets a handful of dirt containing a single primrose and the badge of the Artists Rifles. Only one of them dared to speak about war without hysteria and with an impersonal pity, and his work alone survives. It is to Wilfred Owen, and to him alone, that the young poet of our own time can turn in the expectation of finding affinities. The only sentence that has come down to us from these remote and clay-footed oracles is the sentence: "The poetry is in the Pity." This pronouncement constitutes the sum total of their serious speculation on the nature of poetry. Apart from this statement of Owen's we have nothing much except the haberdasher whimsy of Housman's disclosure that poetry is what makes the beard bristle. This is anarchy, but not the anarchy of desperation; it is the anarchy of intellectual abdication. From the death of Tennyson to the publication of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" is the era of the vegetable allotment; and in consequence we have inherited the ethical conceptions of undergardeners and floriculturists.

I conclude with a fable about a poem in an orange wig. This poem, with its wig slightly askew, was strolling up and down Piccadilly, but obviously not for good. A gentleman with a notebook approached the poem and said in a cold voice: "It is time all good poems were home in bed." But the poem took no notice. It strolled on humming and winking and making a spectacle of itself. At this the gentleman with the notebook shouted out loudly after it: "You must be a very bad poem because you are not at all like my wife." Still the poem in the orange wig paid no attention, until the gentleman with the notebook, who was an American critic, called out, "All poems in orange wigs are immoral." At this the poem halted and turned around. "Dear Doctor," she said, "I must tell you one thing. You know I'm dumb. But, fortunately, I am also deaf." And she went down the street, but not for good.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 5, 4, 10, 8, 6, 9, 1, 3, 2, 7.

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Care and Feeding

Continued from page 14

tain a special permit that is issued only after pressure is applied, or only after frustrating delays. In many nations, laws are being passed to control the curricula of all schools, including national schools. Many of these laws make schools maintained by foreign residents more and more isolated. In today's interdependent world, the American school overseas is outmoded in program, inadequate in its operation, and overdue for drastic revamping.

Such a revamping cannot, of course, be undertaken lightly; our schools abroad are weighed down by problems that make change especially difficult. These problems include a constant turnover among faculties and student bodies, a chronic shortage of funds, a thorough confusion about direction and ultimate purpose, and the prevalent reluctance of parents to submit their children to the influence of foreign cultures.

Yet a small group of American schools abroad has shown that change is not only desirable, but feasible. In Japan, Greece, and Italy, various American schools have made study of the local language compulsory; this requirement gives even the temporary, two-year student a tool of communication with the people he encounters daily. At schools in Athens, Rome, and Vienna, a cycle of field trips gives all students an acquaintance with the culture of the host country and sends them home with more than a tourist's impressions. In Athens, Salonica, and Bourmana, students engage in reconstruction projects in the countryside and learn at first hand that life in the rural regions of Greece and Lebanon is vastly different from that in the cities. In Beirut the American school has initiated interschool discussion activities, an approach more productive of mutual understanding than any program of interschool athletic contests could be.

In Bangkok, a course in the history and culture of Southeast Asia gives young people who elect it an appreciation of the region. In Bagio, the Philippines, anthropology is an elective study, and field trips are employed as a means of deepening the student's understanding of local culture.

Even in these schools, however, the music and art curricula seldom reflect both Eastern and Western cultures. Literature and history needlessly take on a national hue. In the international schools of Europe where religious instruction is a part of the program, only the Christian viewpoint is presented. There are many good things to be found in schools abroad, but these are too often more accidental than deliberate.

Plainly, the times call for a school that is truly international, not international on a sporadic, hit-or-miss basis. What sort of school would this be? It would be a school desirably, but not essentially, of young people from many cultural and national backgrounds who would understand their own backgrounds in such fundamental ways that they would associate themselves with other nationals, that they would know and build upon rather than supplant the cultural backgrounds of the students. It would be a school that encouraged students to transcend the man-made barriers of race, creed, caste, class, and nationality. History, literature, art, music, philosophy, and anthropology would be presented with a world sweep, and at the same time a student would dig deeply into his own background in individual studies.

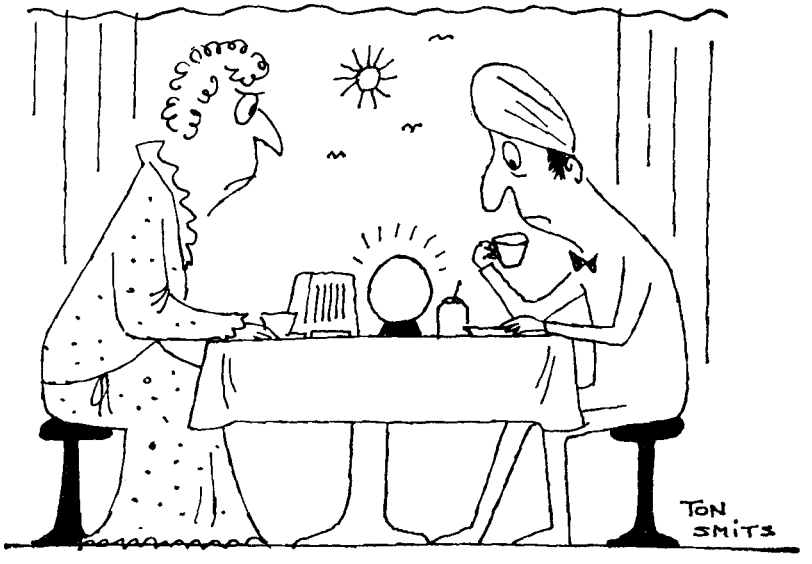
AN international school would be a multilingual school in which each student gets a command of his mother tongue as well as a command of one or more internationally-used languages. He would also get a working knowledge of the language of his host country. With modern language-teaching and with mechanical aids, the problem of language in international education no longer presents an obstacle. All students can be trilingual with sufficient time.

In such schools, science and mathematics would have their place in the balanced program. These subjects are international languages in themselves, and except for variations of when or how they are taught, they are much the same the world over. Algebraic equations look the same on the blackboards of Ceylon and Jordan, and chemistry laboratories smell the same in Israel and Lebanon.

All the arts, like other subject areas, would be presented from an international point of view. Students would be concerned with field trips and work camps to vivify studies, and they would link education with the realities of today and the possibilities of tomorrow. Such schools would be possible because there are creative teachers in many nations who could help bring them into being. The know-how is at hand.

WOULD such international schools be free to develop? Would they be tied down by college entrance requirements that worry insecure parents abroad even more than at home? If the right approach is made to this problem the answer is "Yes." They could be free. University chancellors and presidents in Asia and the Middle East say their institutions would be willing to grant freedom to a selected group of schools on an experimental basis for a decade. Ministries of the Benelux countries are already cooperating in creating examinations based on the unique program of their system. The Cambridge Examination Board and the Examination Board of the University of London have expressed their readiness to construct examinations for an international educational program. The College Entrance Board of the United States should do no less. Out of such an experiment might grow a new international education.

What can be done about providing educational facilities for the growing number of young people who are living abroad with their parents? Since this is a multinational problem, its solution lies in multigovernmental cooperation rather than in a binational or a regional approach. It is a problem of concern to the United Nations and all its specialized agencies, a problem in which UNESCO could play a constructive role. It is a problem for for-



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eign offices and agencies like the British Council and the United States Information Service. It is a problem in which foundations, universities, accrediting agencies, and college entrance examiners could play constructive roles in developing educational patterns in overseas schools that challenge existing national curricula.

Even more concretely, five experimental schools in five continents could be set up to break new ground for all schools abroad. Why should there not be, in New York City, an international school supported by governments and foundations to pioneer for the schools of tomorrow? For the past three decades, education has not had a radically experimental school to stir its sluggish blood. Is it not time to discuss what should be taught as well as how mechanical devices can help us teach it?

One of the most urgent questions facing us today is how men can live together in peace with understanding. What is needed are new understanding men—a new kind of man. International schools might be one small beginning in helping that new man emerge for the world of international living.

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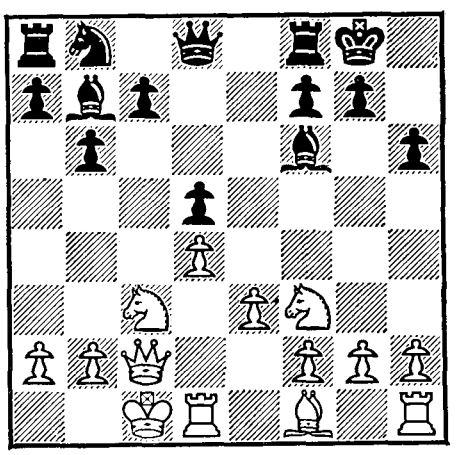
Chess Corner–42

EVER since the inception of serious chess about a century ago, grand masters have developed a pernicious knack for side-stepping each other in a set match. For one reason or another, with formidable guile, they avoid playing *verbank*. Morphy, for example, was led a merry chase across the continent by English ace Staunton. Capablanca nailed Lasker, but only after submitting to tiresome and tantalizing conditions. Alekhine pinned down Capablanca but evaded a return embroglio. For years, Reshevsky's target was Botvinnik, to no avail. In the United States, the proposed matches, Kashdan-Marshall, Fine-Reshevsky, Fischer-Reshevsky, all were pleasant pipe dreams. That is why the Reshevsky-Benko set-to for the George P. Edgar trophy (and a purse!) is a treat. For the record, Benko is a Hungarian refugee now residing in the United States who has made his weight felt in powerful, international competition. Below is the fifth game of the match.

QUEEN'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	S. Reshevsky White		P. Benko Black
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	
2	P-QB4	P-K3	
3	N-KB3	P-QN3	
4	N-B3	B-N2	
5	B-N5	B-K2	
6			Q-B2 P-KR3
7			B-R4 P-Q4
8			BxN BxB
9			PxP PxP
10			P-K3 O-O
11	O-O-O		.....



White's plan is to put pressure on Black's Q-side Pawns by regrouping with K-N1 and R-QB1. It fails because White's King never reaches safety.

11	.....	P-B4	21 Q-Q2	Q-N3
12	K-N1	N-B3	22 P-B3	B-Q4ch
13	PxP	N-N5!	23 K-N1	NxPch
14	Q-N3	PxP	24 K-R1	KR-Q1!
15	P-QR3	BxN!	25 PxN	B-N6
16	QxB	P-Q5!	26 R-QN1	RxN
17	PxP	B-K5ch	27 Q-N2	Q-KB3
18	K-R1	N-B7ch	28 B-R6	R-B7
19	K-R2	PxP	29 QxB	R-QN5ch
20	NxP	R-B1	Resigns	

—Al Horowitz.

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MAN wishes to rent quiet space 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Monday through Friday for writing. NYC. Box P-592.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST, part-time. Accurate, reliable. College graduate. Manhattan resident. References. Box P-600.

YOUNG WOMAN of culture and good background needed by Protestant widower to help raise family of six. Two children at boarding schools; four in day school. Adequate domestic help. Submit complete resume of qualifications, interests, attainments, references and photograph with confidential application. Personal interview to follow. Box P-615.

SECRETARY AIDE, female, at liberty. Can drive, type, balance checkbook, supervise household, meet press, handle a boat. Top references. Box P-616.

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EDITORIAL-RESEARCH ASSISTANT cum typist, full or part-time, beautifully bright brains, European languages, required privately in Library of Congress by architectural historian. Box P-601.

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$5,500. 6 ROOM COLONIAL. View, garage, acre. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, New York.

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FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their COLONY BEACH CLUB RESORT, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1387

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mfg. city of W. France, originally taken by Clovis from the Visigoths, 507 A.D.	147 133 155 205 180 13 118 66 161
B. Augmentation.	154 56 3 107 196 75 114 184
C. Action laudable in a baseball player, but highly reprehensible in a motorist (comp.).	48 102 21 35 82 40 119 164 127
D. African insectivorous mammal, *Potamogale velox* (2 wds.).	112 1 134 177 24 191 9 73 65 144
E. Inhabitant of a certain Baltic republic.	91 32 99 143 202 111 46 36
F. Certain South Africans using a most remarkable language involving clicks and other sounds.	163 172 110 136 175 141 88 25 128 53
G. Sang in a lively way.	77 7 95 26 126 83
H. At early morning, either "white" for Shelley's skylark, or "red" for Noyes's Robin Hood (3 wds.).	38 58 194 137 203 142 109 146 61
I. King of Pylos who joined the Greeks against Troy.	103 122 125 8 187 68
J. Natural tendency of some banyan branches (2 wds.).	28 123 188 98 37 116 129 39 139 198 90 159
K. Hyperbolic, vernacular, length of a brief report (2 wds.).	182 6 63 10 67 165 44 22
L. The subgenus of *Equus* which includes the zebras.	100 149 23 199 97 62 19 185 166 57 145

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. This was "an enemy, Mr. Shean", said Mr. Gallagher (2 wds.).	72 117 78 179 69 15 31 54 52
N. Rested on the surface of any fluid.	115 84 29 4 104 193 204
O. Just begun, partly but not fully in operation.	43 169 207 197 135 93 70 181 148 85
P. One who praises.	49 30 108 89 160 60 55 87 120
Q. Frees from any burden or distress.	12 138 153 183 132 42 101 34
R. One of the best cordial, carminative, and astringent spices, of very popular flavor.	178 168 158 162 27 64 51 206
S. Advice; language intended to incite and encourage.	208 106 121 130 50 171 157 173 41 11 150
T. Spiritless; apparently dead.	47 20 152 124 94 201 76 79
U. Where in the gamut the coloratura likes to sing (3 wds.).	81 189 174 18 151 71 200 195 33 92 96
V. Mother of the beautiful youth Adonis.	131 167 17 176 190
W. Cottony.	186 5 86 156 105 140 14
X. Local assembly of Jews organized for public worship.	80 192 113 16 170 2 59 45 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 D	2 X	3 B	4 N	5 W		6 K	7 G	8 I	9 D		10 K	11 S	12 Q	13 A	14 W		15 M
16 X	17 V		18 U	19 L		20 T	21 C	22 K		23 L	24 D	25 F	26 G	27 R	28 J	29 N	30 P
31 M	32 E	33 U	34 Q		35 C	36 E	37 J		38 H	39 J	40 C	41 S	42 Q	43 O	44 K	45 X	46 E
47 T		48 C	49 P	50 S	51 R	52 M	53 F		54 M	55 P	56 B	57 L	58 H	59 X		60 P	61 H
62 L	63 K		64 R	65 D	66 A	67 K	68 I	69 M		70 O	71 U	72 M	73 D	74 X		75 B	76 T
	77 G	78 M	79 T	80 X		81 U	82 C	83 G		84 N	85 O	86 W	87 P		88 F	89 P	
90 J	91 E	92 U	93 O	94 T	95 G		96 U	97 L	98 J		99 E	100 L	101 Q		102 C	103 I	104 N
105 W	106 S	107 B	108 P	109 H	110 F	111 E	112 D	113 X		114 B	115 N		116 J	117 M	118 A	119 C	
120 P	121 S	122 I	123 J	124 T		125 I	126 G	127 C	128 F		129 J	130 S	131 V	132 Q	133 A		134 D
135 O		136 F	137 H	138 Q		139 J	140 W	141 F	142 H	143 E	144 D	145 L		146 H	147 A	148 O	149 L
150 S	151 U		152 T	153 Q	154 B	155 A	156 W		157 S	158 R	159 J		160 P	161 A	162 R		163 F
164 C	165 K	166 L	167 V	168 R	169 O	170 X		171 S	172 F		173 S	174 U	175 F		176 V	177 D	178 R
179 M	180 A	181 O	182 K	183 Q	184 B	185 L		186 W	187 I	188 J	189 U	190 V	191 D		192 X	193 N	194 H
	195 U	196 B		197 O	198 J	199 L	200 U	201 T	202 E	203 H	204 N		205 A	206 R	207 O	208 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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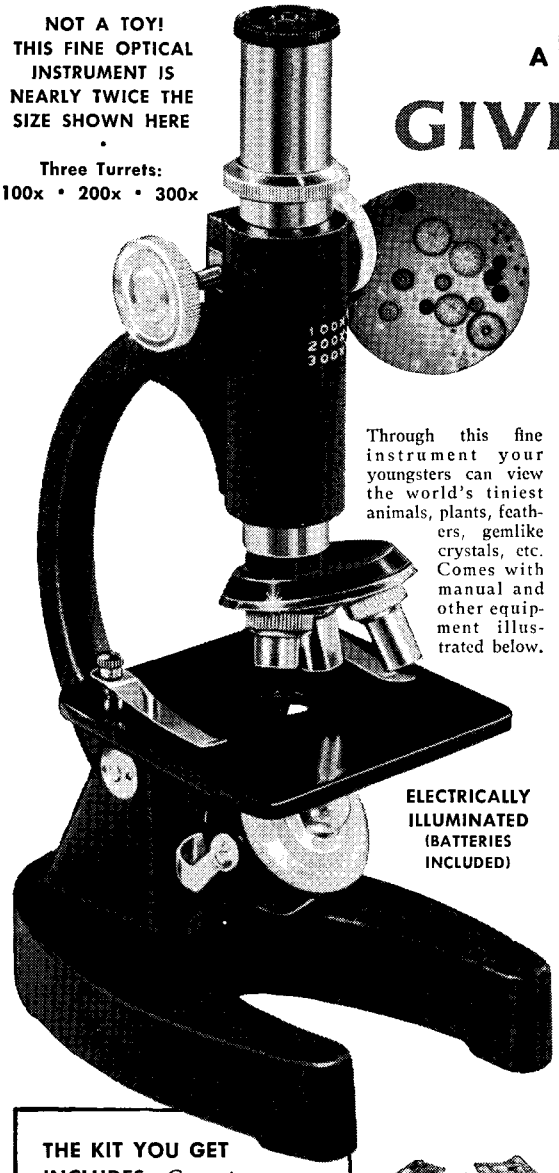

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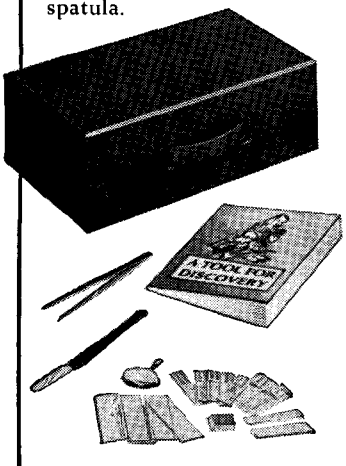

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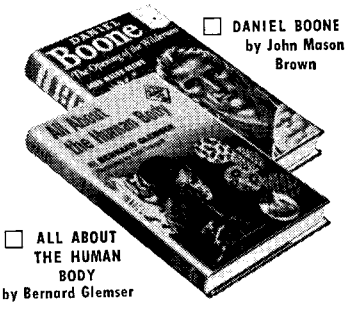

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